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## AT HOME WITH THE TAFTS

BY HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES
(Mrs. Post Wheeler.)

A few days ago on an island in Lake Erie, a large man with kindly blue eyes and a heavy, determined chin, threw back his shoulders, reeled his fishing line and called out: "Boys, I'm going home!"

Politicians, national committee representatives, cabinet officers and the staff commanders of a great national party had been coming and going. A group of keen-eyed men, picked from the forces of the great newspapers and news gathering associations of the country were camping on his trail. The wheels of the huge Republican machine, grinding faster and faster, had been demanding more and more of his sorely needed summer rest time. The campaign was about to open.

Then William Howard Taft wound up his fishline, kicked over the bait box, and started—whither? Home—the place where, as a good plain American, he hoped to gain the final inspiration for the greatest struggle of a long and strenuous public career—the last battle, which the Republican party confidently believes will seat him in the White House, the President of the United States. "Home" meant Cincinnati.

**Born in Cincinnati.**

The act was both fitting and significant. In Cincinnati, fifty years ago he was born. There, in the suburb of Mt. Auburn he passed his boyhood years at public and high school. In Cincinnati he began his life study, entered the bar, and held his first public office of assistant prosecuting attorney of the county. In Cincinnati he first ascended the bench.

There are stronger ties even than these. It was in Cincinnati that Howard Taft met, courted and married Helen Herron. There the young couple built the house that was to be their first home and in which their children were born.

Since then the path has led in many directions—to the Philippine Islands, Rome, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico and around the world by way of Japan and Siberia.

Public office has been no sinecure to William Howard Taft. He has worked hard, in all climates and seasons and has had little time to call his own. Now, when he pauses for a breath on the threshold of the greatest honor this nation or any nation can offer him, he yields to the homepull, turns his back on the approaching whirlwind and goes to the old home, to Cincinnati, to see long familiar scenes, to have the warm greetings of neighbors, to draw a deep breath of inspiration of the intimate atmosphere before he begins the last great battle that may make him the proud and free head of the proudest sovereign people on the face of the earth.

Mrs. Taft—the Helen Herron that was—the perfect wife, mother and hostess that is—is with him, and there will be for a few short weeks a touch of the old home-like air. When the real fight opens he will go to it with a lighter heart for

The touch of kindly, open hands, the smile
On well remembered faces and the wife
Of boyhood's recollection, youth's recall,
And the old mem'ries unforgot 'mid all."

There have been leaders of great popular movements who have been called "men of destiny." In a way it is difficult to take the name of William Howard Taft from this category. Not that his paths have been mysteriously opened for him.

**Looking Backward.**

But looking backward one sees how curiously every step in his public life has been, not in a general but a specific sense, one of preparation. His experience on the federal bench was fitting him for the particular work in Manila, his study of problems of the island possessions was to be an especial qualification for a cabinet portfolio. His enormous labors as secretary of war were inevitably molding his present candidacy. One may call it destiny if he will; it was certainly not accident. There was never anything accidental about his career. He has gone ahead for the reason a locomotive does—because it has steam up and stays on the track. The track for Mr. Taft has always been the line of present duty.

All his life long he has had steam up. Someone once called him (as an English statesman once dubbed) "a steam engine in trousers." His capacity for continuous labor has become a proverb in Washington officialdom. Two meals a day and twelve hours' work—with no pause for luncheon—has become his habit. And he has thrived on it. Each time he has had the big, serious, laborious, hopeless tasks to do. It was, however, the useful thing, and it is this fact that made the work one after his heart. For with his chronic optimism he has always combined the passion for service. He has a sound belief in himself—not cock-sureness, but the faith that springs from honesty of motive and the clear outlook of a healthy brain—and he believes in the outcome. Not for nothing does he wear a tiny American flag sewn in the crown of his hat. In a very real sense, all he does is done under the stars and stripes. With him, as he said in a recent public address:

"The best of all is the pure joy of service. So do things that are worth while; to be in the thick of it; that is to live!" A clear note of optimism that has seldom been sounded by a public man!

"To be in the thick of it!"—that is, after all, the very essence of Americanism, boiled down, strained and decanted. It is doing what one does at all with one's might. He does just that.

**Works and Plays Hard.**

He works hard because he can't help it, and he plays hard so that it will make him better able to work. Every one knows what grinding drudgery some of his labor in Manila and Cuba was, but he never complained. There was the little silk flag sewn in the crown of his hat!

There is something in the high sense of duty to the republic that keeps a man democratic. Those who saw will never forget a little incident that occurred last winter during a journey Mr. Taft made through Russia.

As he left the Kremlin—that huge fortress-palace in which the czars are crowned ,wedded and buried—whither he had been escorted by jingling cavalry and splendidly decorated officers, passed an aged, white-haired guardsman, infirm and half blind, whose withered hand came up in trembling salute as the distinguished visitor went by. Mr. Taft paused and asked how long he had been a guard of the Kremlin.

The old soldier saluted again. "Forty years, Excellency," was the answer.

"Ask him," said Mr. Taft to an interpreter, "if he will shake hands with me?"

The old man looked up in a half-frightened way as the words were translated to him. This was something that he had never experienced in all his decades under the iron mititarism of Russia! Then, as the big visitor held out his hand, he took it and lifted it to his lips and a great tear ran down his grizzled cheeks as he did so. "Tell him," said Mr. Taft, "that my father was once the American minister to this country."

**Spring Naturally.**

Deeds like this spring naturally from the nature of the man, the souls of brotherhood to which "a man's a man for a' that." And this is Americanism too—of better sort—the kind that hates the pomp and sham that often masquerades in the name of dignity, afraid lest it be cheapened by the exercise of that homely, kindly, sentiment of equality that is as much a badge of the true Americanism as wanting "to be in the thick of it."

In Cincinnati—and in Washington—those who know the candidate and his family find themselves speaking of "The Tafts." This is an unconscious tribute to the solidarity of the family. "Like attracts like," and in qualities of mind and heart William Taft and Helen Herron must have started life even. She has the same straightforwardness, the same direct honesty, the contempt of tinsel and sham and pretense. Her worst enemy, if she could have one, would call her "genuine." She has no affectations, no surface veneer, no "isms."

She has always remained the sweetheart of her husband; the playmate and confidant of her children. In the best sense she is a woman of the world. She knows the big business of statecraft and the smaller dicta of society. By reading and studying she has kept pace with her husband, till, possibly, there is no woman in American public life who is better qualified to discuss the real questions of the day. She speaks perfect French, reads much and widely, understands music, knows every detail of the home management and has been the constant adviser of her husband's career. They are the truest of companions. When he was sent to the Philippines (not an attractive place for women in those days) she went with him. He has become of late years a famous world traveler, but whether it has been in steamship or on trans-Asian trains, wherever he has gone, she has been at his side, carrying with her the spirit of the real American home. She walks with him in the ceaseless tramps he takes to keep in condition, she rides horseback with him.

**Dearest Things in Life.**

It goes without saying that the dearest thing in life to her—outside of her children—is her husband's career. None knows so well as she what it has cost in labor, in untiring patience and self-abnegation. There was more than once when present duty seemed to point toward political effacement; when the thing which he did because it needed doing, seemed to mean a futureless retirement, and yet when she hesitated no more than he. None has such a loyal pride in his past achievement, his patriotism, his pure life, and the future that awaits him. She dislikes publicity for herself, preferring to hide behind her great, good natured husband, who offers her in return a constant consideration, an undeviating deference, that speaks volumes for their mutual success as home builders. In the last battle that is now so soon to begin she will stand side by side with him. And he will many a time turn in the fight to Helen, to see the encouragement and understanding that have always been his.

Perhaps it is this association that has kept them both young, soft-hearted and clear-eyed and clear-skinned. For her cheeks are like a girl's, and the only lines in his face are the relics of habitual smiles. Life is good to them, and the world, after all, a good place to live in touching elbows with their fellows.

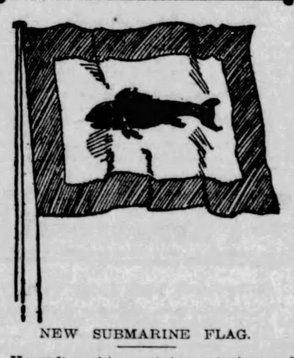
### Hour by Hour.

One single day
Is not so much to look upon. There is some way
Of passing hours of such a limit. We can face
A single day; but place
Too many days before sad eyes—
Too many days for smothered sighs—
And we lose heart
Just at the start.
Years really art not long, nor lives—
The longest which survives—
And yet to look across
A future we must tread bowed by a sense of loss,
Bearing some burden weighing down so low
That we can scarcely go
One step ahead; this is so hard,
So stern a view to face, unstarred,
Untouched by light, so masked with dread.
If we would take a step ahead,
Be brave and keep
The feet quite steady; feel the breath of life
Sweep ever on our face again.
We must not look across—looking in vain—
But downward to the next close step,
And up. Eyes that have wept
Must look a little way; not far.

God broke the years to hours and days,
That hour by hour
And day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weights of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future rife
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
At just one place,
We could not go;
Our feet would stop; and so
God lays a little on us all the way
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so steep,
But we can go, if by God's power
We only bear the burden of the hour.

—George Klingle.

### FISH ON A FLAG



NEW SUBMARINE FLAG.

Hereafter ship captains entering and sailing from New York will keep a sharp lookout for a craft flying a flag with a black fish on a white background surrounded by a red border. The flag will indicate that a submarine boat is working in the vicinity.

The secretary of the navy, through T. B. Saunders, acting commissioner of the bureau of navigation, has sent to the customs officers official notification with a description of the flag, for the benefit of the merchant marine.

The flag will be flown from the mast of a tender or what is known as a "parent" ship, which always attends a submarine during experiments. It will mean that if a sailing vessel or steamship does not give the locality a wide berth there is the possibility of the submarine coming up underneath the merchant vessel and doing all sorts of damage.

It is said that the official notification just issued will precede the holding of a series of trials by submarine boats in New York harbor. No submarine has yet dived in the waters of New York bay.

### KING EDWARD A BUSY MAN

**But Kaiser Spends More Time Than He Does in Dressing.**

Even Theodore, the much occupied, is a person of leisure compared with Edward VII. The London correspondent of Town and Country reports the contents of a note from one of the king's equerries stating that "his majesty's engagements do not warrant him in the disposal of a single hour before September." And the note was written early in June.

According to the correspondent King Edward puts in more time at real work than the Emperor of Germany does, for fully a quarter of the emperor's time is occupied in his dressing room. The king seldom changes his clothes more than three times a day, morning, afternoon and evening, whereas the kaiser has become a veritable Fregoli in the manner of donning and doffing his costumes.

The first thing in the morning he is up in the greenish riding costume of a German jager. A hard hour's riding brings him back to his bath, from which he comes adorned in a plain morning costume made for business purposes. An hour or two in this monotonous garb fully fits the emperor for something more elaborate, and if there is no reception on he appears in the undress uniform of the guards.

This carries him until luncheon time, after which there are some 300 uniforms to select from, and as the Kaiser usually has two or three functions of some sort to perform he makes use of his vast wardrobe regularly and in proper rotation. It is in the evening that the kaiser is less brilliant.

He makes but a poor show in evening dress; in fact as a civilian he is not a success. His frock coats, according to the discerning editor of the Tailor and Cutter, a sartorial expert, hang loosely and in most undistinguished manner, and his evening dress waistcoats are things only to be worn by German rentiers and French mayors.

There is only one fortress during all these years that King Edward has not been able to capture, and that is the stern determination of public opinion to resist with all its might the encroachment of the tall white hat. Every season for years, both as king and Prince of Wales, he has attempted to lead the nation into the realms of white hatdom, but this is the one thing wherein people will not follow their sovereign.

### Hen Laid Egg While in Flight

New York World.

A big red touring car sped along the Hudson county boulevard from Jersey City to Bayonne yesterday. In the car, besides the chauffeur, were a very pretty woman and two men.

As the car approached the bridge of the Morris canal it scared a dozen chickens nesting under the bushes. Some of the foolish chickens, squawking, ran; others flew right across the auto's path.

A yellow hen, plainly much perturbed, flew over the car and at that instant laid an egg, which feel in the pretty woman's lap. The egg dropped gently into the voluminous folds of her silk coat and was not even cracked. Smiling, the pretty woman picked up the egg and looked back at the yellow hen. It was cackling loudly, as if to say:

"Stop those autoists! They've kidnapped my egg!"

### While the Glove Is Up.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The quaint custom of "proclaiming the fair" at Honiton has just been observed. The town obtained the grant of a fair from the lord of the manor so long ago as 1257, and the fair still retains some of the picturesque characteristics of bygone days.

The town crier, dressed in picturesque uniform and carrying a pole decorated with gay flowers and surmounted by a large gilt model of a gloved hand, publicly announces the opening of the fair as follows: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! The fair's begun, the glove is up. No man can be arrested till the glove is taken down." Hot coins are then thrown among the children.

The pole and the glove will remain displayed until the end of the fair.

## WAR WHOOPS IN "CANS"

"Canned" warwhoops, songs, chants and weird incantations in the language of the untutored American savage are the latest developments in the realm of the talking machine.

Professor Paul Radin, of New York city, has recently returned from a sojourn of nearly three months in the Winnebago Indian reservation, which stretches south, from Sioux City across the Iowa line into Nebraska. While there making a study of the language and customs of the Winnebagos he made phonographic records of 120 different songs, chants, prayers, medicine and war dances and the like, all of which he intends to use for scientific rather than for poupiar or commercial purposes.

Mr. Radin, who is a son of Rev. Dr. A. M. Radin, a Jewish minister, expects to take his degree of Ph. D. in Columbia University next spring, and his thesis will probably treat of the Indian languages, a subject to which he has devoted much study in connection with his researches in ethnology, the science of which he expects to make a specialty as a teacher. The records are well made and surprisingly clear in tone and volume. Mr. Radin may utilize them later in scientific lectures, according to the New York Herald.

Oliver Lemere, a Winnebago Indian, with a strain of French blood in his veins, came to New York with Professor Radin and is his guest. Lemere was a student in the Carlisle indian school and played on the football team of 1902. He has a powerful physique, speaks perfect English and is highly intelligent. It was through Lamere's influence in his tribe that Mr. Radin was enabled to succeed in getting the records he desired, and in several of them Lamere's own voice is heard in a rich baritone.

Lamere's chief motive in lending himself to the work was that the interest aroused might enable him to succeed in the effort to have the New Testament translated for the benefit of his people in their native tongue. He is an influential member of the sect known on the reservation as "the mescal eaters." They teach and believe the simple truths of the New Testament, and hold each week prayer meetings that last all through the night, a feature of which is the eating of the peyote bean, the properties of which, they contend, exalt them into a sort of religious fervor and stimulate their minds into a state of greater receptivity and understanding of religious truths. Half of the tribe, which now numbers four hundred, Lamere says, are members of this sect.

"Our leader," said Lamere, "is John Rave. He used to be what you call a bad Indian,' and worshipped nothing but a sort of warbelt, made of buffalo hide and porcupine quills, which had attached to it the body of a crow and a crudely-made Indian flute. He believed this was a charm to protect him from danger. This curiosity he gave to Mr. Radin, and it now adorns a museum in Chicago. Rave's influence with his people is now all exerted for good. He is of the Bear clan of the Winnebagos, who are what you might call the hereditary sergeant-at-arms of the tribe."

## A MILLIONAIRE OF YESTERDAY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER I.

"Filth," grunted Trent—"ugh! I tell you what it is, my venerable friend—I have seen some dirty cabins in the west of Ireland and some vile holes in East London. I've been in some places which I can't think of even now without feeling sick. I'm not a particular chap, wasn't brought up to it—no, nor squeamish either, but this is a bit thicker than anything I've ever knocked up against. If Francis doesn't hurry we'll have to chuck it! We shall never stand it out, Monty!"

The older man, gaunt, blear-eyed, ragged, turned over on his side. His appearance was little short of repulsive. His voice when he spoke was, curiously enough, the voice of a gentleman, thick and a trifle rough though it sounded.

"My young friend," he said, "I agree with you—in effect—most heartily. The place is filthy, the surroundings are repulsive, not to add degrading. The society is—er—not congenial—I allude of course to our hosts—and the attentions of these unwashed, and I am afraid I must say unclothed, ladies of dusky complexion is to say the least of it embarrassing."

"Dusky complexion!" Trent interrupted scornfully, "they're coal black!"

Monty nodded his head with solemn emphasis.

"I will go so far as to admit that you are right," he acknowledged. "They are as black as sin! But, my friend Trent, I want you to consider this: If the nature of our surroundings is offensive to you, think what it must be to me. I may, I presume, between ourselves, allude to you as one of the people. Refinement and luxury have never come in your way, far less have they become indispensable to you. You were, I believe, educated at a Board School, I was at Eton. Afterwards you were apprenticed to a harness maker, I—but no matter! Let us summarise the situation."

"If that means cutting it short, for Heaven's sake do so," Trent grumbled. "You'll talk yourself into a fever if you don't mind. Let's know what you're driving at."

"Talking," the elder man remarked with a slight shrug of his shoulders, "will never have a prejudicial effect upon my health. To men of your—pardon me—scanty education the expression of ideas in speech is doubtless a labor. To me, on the other hand, it is at once a pleasure and a relief. What I was about to observe is this: I belong by birth to what are called, I believe, the classes, you to the masses. I have inherited instincts which have been refined and cultivated, perhaps over-cultivated by breeding and associations—you are troubled with nothing of the sort. Therefore if these surroundings, this discomfort, not to mention the appalling overtures of our lady friends, are distressing to you, why, consider how much more so they must be to me!"

Trent smiled very faintly, but he said nothing.

He was sitting cross-legged with his back against one of the poles which supported the open hut, with his eyes fixed upon the cloud of mist hanging over a distant swamp. A great yellow moon had stolen over the low range of stony hills—the mist was curling away in little wreaths of gold. Trent was watching it, but if you had asked him he would have told you that he was wondering when the alligators came out to feed, and how near the village they ventured. Looking at his hard, square face and keen, black eyes, no one would surely have credited him with any less material thoughts.

"Furthermore," the man whom Trent had addressed as Monty continued, "there arises the question of danger and physical suitability to the situation. Contrast our two cases, my dear young friend. I am twenty-five years older than you, I have a weak heart, a ridiculous muscle, and the stamina of a rabbit. My fighting days are over. I can shoot straight, but shooting would only serve us here until our cartridges were gone—when the rush came a child could knock me over. You, on the contrary, have the constitution of an ox, the muscles of a bull, and the wind of an ostrich. You are, if you will pardon my saying so, a magnificent specimen of the animal man. In the event of trouble you would not hesitate to admit that your chances of escape would be at least double mine."

Trent lit a match under pretense of lighting his pipe—in reality because only a few feet away he had seen a pair of bright eyes gleaming at them through a low shrub. A little native boy scuttled away—as black as night, wooly-headed, and shiny; he had crept up unknown to look with fearful eyes upon the wonderful white strangers. Trent threw a lump of earth at him and laughed as he dodged it.

"Well, go ahead, Monty," he said. "Let's hear what you're driving at. What a gab you've got to be sure!"

Monty waved his hand—a magnificent and silencing gesture.

"I have alluded to these matters," he continued, "merely in order to show you that the greater share of danger and discomfort in this expedition falls to my lot. Having reminded you of this, Trent, I refer to the concluding sentences of your last speech. The words indicated, as I understood them, some doubt of our ability to see this thing through."

He paused, peering over to where Trent was sitting with grim, immovable face, listening with little show of interest. He drew a long, deep breath and moved over nearer to the doorway. His manner was suddenly changed.

"Scarlett Trent," he cried, "Scarlet Trent, listen to me! You are young and I am old! To you this may be one adventure among many—it is my last. I've craved for such a chance as this ever since I set foot in this cursed land. It's come late enough, too late almost for me, but I'm going through with it while there's breath in my body. Swear to me now that you will not back out! Do you hear, Trent? Swear!"

Trent looked curiously at his companion, vastly interested in this sudden outburst, in the firmness of his tone and the tightening of the weak mouth. To Trent, who had known him for years as a broken-down, hanger-on of the settlement at Buckomari, a drunkard gambler, a creature to all appearance hopelessly gone under, this look and this almost passionate appeal were like a revelation. He stretched out his great hand and patted his companion on the back—a proceeding which obviously caused him much discomfort.

"Bravo, old cockie!" he said. "Didn't imagine you'd got the grit. You know I'm not the chap to be let down easy. We'll go through with it, then, and take all chances! It's my game right along. Every copper I've got went to pay the bearers here and to buy the kickshaws and rum for old What's-his-name, and I'm not anxious to start again as a pauper. We'll stay here till we get our concessions, or till they bury us, then! It's a go!"

Monty—no one at Buckomari had ever known of any other name for him—stretched out a long hand, with delicate tapering fingers, and let it rest for a moment gingerly in the thick, brown palm of his companion. Then he glanced stealthily over his shoulder and his eyes gleamed.

"I think, if you will allow me, Trent, I will just moisten my lips—no more—with some of that excellent brandy."

Trent caught his arm and held it firmly.

"No, you don't," he said, shaking his head. "That's the last bottle, and we've got the journey back. We'll keep that, in case of fever."

A struggle went on in the face of the man whose hot breath fell upon Trent's cheek. It was the usual thing—the disappointment of the baffled drunkard—a little more terrible in this case perhaps because of the remnants of refinement still to be traced in his well-shaped features. His weak eyes for once were eloquent, but with the eloquence of cupidity and unwholesome craving, his lean cheeks twitched and his hands shook.

"Just a drop, Trent!" he pleaded. "I'm not feeling well, indeed I'm not! The odors here are so foul. A liqueur glassful will do me all the good in the world."

"You won't get it, Monty, so it's no use whining," said Trent bluntly. "I've given way to you too much already. Buck up, man! We're on the threshold of fortune and we need all our wits about us."

"Of fortune—fortune!" Monty's head dropped upon his chest, his nostrils dilated, he seemed to fall into a state of stupor. Trent watched him half curiously, half contemptuously.

"You're terribly keen on money-making for an old 'un," he remarked, after a somewhat lengthy pause. "What do you want to with it?"

"To do with it!" The old man raised his head. "To do with it!" The gleam of reawakened desire lit up his face. He sat for a moment thinking. Then he laughed softly.

"I will tell you, Master Scarlett Trent," he said, "I will tell you why I crave for wealth. You are a young and an ignorant man. Amongst other things you do not know what money will buy. You have your coarse pleasures I do not doubt, which seem sweet to you! Beyond them—what? A tasteless and barbaric display, a vulgar generosity, an ignorant and purposeless prodigality. Bah! How different it is with those who know! There are many things, my young friend, which I learned in my younger days, and amongst them was the knowledge of how to spend money. How to spend it, you understand. It is an art, believe me! I mastered it, and, until the end came, it was magnificent. In London and Paris today to have wealth and to know how to spend it is to be the equal of princes! The salons of the beautiful fly open before you, great men will clamor for your friendship, all the sweetest triumphs which love and sport can offer are yours. You stalk amongst a world of pigmies a veritable giant, the adored of women, the envied of men! You may be old, it matters not; ugly—you will be fooled into reckoning yourself an Adonis. Nobility is great, art is great, genius is great, but the key to the pleasure storehouse of the world is a key of gold—of gold!"

He broke off with a little gasp. He held his throat and looked imploringly towards the bottle. Trent shook his head stonily. There was something pitiful in the man's talk, in that odd mixture of bitter cynicism and passionate earnestness, but there was also something fascinating. As regards the brand, however Trent was adamant.

"Not a drop," he declared. "What a fool you are to want it, Monty! You're a wreck already. You want to pull through, don't you? Leave the filthy stuff alone. You'll not live a month to enjoy your coin if we get it!"

"Live!" Monty straightened himself out. A tremor went through all his frame.

"Live!" he repeated, with fierce contempt; "you are making the common mistake of the whole ignorant herd. You are measuring life by its length, when its depth alone is of any import. I want no more than a year or two at the most, and I promise you, Mr. Scarlett Trent, my most estimable young companion, that, during that year, I will live more than you in your whole lifetime. I will drink deep of pleasures which you know nothing of, I will be steeped in joys which you will never reach more nearly than the man who watches a change in the skies or a sunset across the ocean! To you, with boundless wealth, there will be depths of happiness which you will never probe, joys which, if you have the wit to see them at all, will be no more than a mirage to you."

Trent laughed outright, easily and with real mirth. Yet in his heart were sown already the seeds of a secret dread. There was a ring of passionate truth in Monty's words. He believed what he was saying. Perhaps he was right. The man's inborn hatred of a second or inferior place in anything stung him. Were there to be any niches after all in the temple of happiness to which he could never climb? He looked back rapidly, looked down the avenue of a squalid and unlovely life, saw himself the child of drink-sodden and brutal parents, remembered the board school with its unlovely surroundings, his struggles at a dreary trade, his running away and the fierce draughts of delight which the joy and freedom of the sea had brought to him on the morning when he had crept on deck, a stowaway, to be lashed with every rope-end and to do the dirty work of every one. Then the slavery at a Belgian settlement, the job on a steamer trading along the Congo, the life at Buckomari, and lastly this bold enterprise in which the savings of years were invested. It was a life which called aloud for fortune some day or other to make a little atonement. The old man was dreaming. Wealth would bring him, uneducated though he was, happiness enough and to spare.

A footstep fell softly upon the turf outside. Trent sprang at once into an attitude of rigid attention. His revolver, which for four days had been at full cock by his side, stole out and covered the approaching shadow stealing gradually nearer and nearer. The old man saw nothing, for he slept, worn out with excitement and exhaustion.

CHAPTER II.

A fat, unwholesome-looking creature, half native, half Belgian, waddled across the open space towards the hut in which the two strangers had been housed. He was followed at a little distance by two sturdy natives bearing a steaming pot which they carried on a pole between them. Trent set down his revolver and rose to his feet.

"What news, Oom Sam?" he asked. "Has the English officers been heard of? He must be close up now."

"No news," the little man grunted. "The king, he send some of his own supper to the white men. 'They got what they want,' he say. 'They start work mine soon as like, but they go away from here.' He not like them about the place! See!"

"Oh, that be blowed!" Trent muttered. "What's this in the pot? It don't smell bad."

"Rabbit," the interpreter answered tersely. "Very good. Part king's own supper. White men very favored."

Trent bent over the pot which the two men had set upon the ground. He took a fork from his belt and dug it in.

"Very big bones for a rabbit, Sam," he remarked doubtfully.

Sam looked away. "Very big rabbits round here," he remarked. "Best keep pot. Send men away."

Trent nodded, and the men withdrew.

"Stew all right," Sam whispered confidentially. "You eat him. No fear. But you got to go. King beginning get angry. He say white men not to stay. They got what he promised, now they go. I know king—know this people well! You get away quick. He think you want be king here! You got the papers—all you want, eh?"

"Not quite, Sam," Trent answered. "There's an Englishman, Captain Francis, on his way here up the coast, going on to Walgetta Fort. He must be here tomorrow. I want him to see the king's signature. If he's a witness these niggers can never back out of the concession. They're slippery devils. Another chap may come on with more rum and they'll forget us and give him the right to work the mines too. See?"

"I see," Sam answered; "but him not safe to wait. You believe me. I know these tam niggers. They take two days get drunk, then get devils, four—raving mad. They drunk now. Kill any one tomorrow—perhaps you. Kill you certain tomorrow night. You listen now?"

Trent stood up in the shadow of the overhanging roof. Every now and then came a wild, shrill cry from the lower end of the village. Some one was beating a frightful, cracked drum which they had got from a trader. The tumult was certainly increasing. Trent swore softly, and then looked irresolutely over his shoulder to where Monty was sleeping.

"If the worst comes we shall never get away quickly," he muttered. "That old carcase can scarcely drag himself along."

Sam looked at him with cunning eyes. "He not fit only die," he said softly. "He very old, very sick man, you leave him here! I see to him."

Trent turned away in sick disgust.

"We'll be off tomorrow, Sam," he said shortly. "I say! I'm beastly hungry. What's in that pot?"

Sam spread out the palms of his hands.

"He all right, I see him cooked," he declared. "He two rabbits and one monkey."

Trent took out a plate and helped himself.

"All right," he said. "Be off now. We'll go tomorrow before these towsly-headed beauties are awake."

Sam nodded and waddled off. Trent threw a biscuit and hit his companion on the cheek.

"Here, wake up, Monty!" he exclaimed. "Supper's come from the royal kitchen. Bring your plate and tuck in!"

Monty struggled to his feet and came meekly towards where the pot stood simmering upon the ground.

"I'm not hungry, Trent," he said, "but I am very thirsty, very thirsty indeed. My throat is all parched. I am most uncomfortable. Really I think your behavior with regard to the brandy is most unkind and ungenerous; I shall be ill, I know I shall. Won't you—"

"No, I won't," Trent interrupted. "Now shut up all that rot and eat something."

"I have no appetite, thank you," Monty answered, with sulky dignity.

"Eat something, and don't be a silly ass!" Trent insisted. "We've a hard journey before us, and you'll need all the strength in your carcass to land in Buckomari again. Here, you've dropped some of your precious rubbish."

Trent stooped forward and picked up what seemed to him at first to be a piece of cardboard from the ground. He was about to fling it to its owner, when he saw that it was a photograph. It was the likeness of a girl, a very young girl apparently, for her hair was still down her back and her dress was scarcely of the orthodox length. It was not particularly well taken, but Trent had never seen anything like it before. The lips were slightly parted, the deep eyes were brimming with laughter, the pose was full of grace, even though the girl's figure was angular. Trent had seen as much as this, when he felt the smart of a sudden blow upon the cheek, the picture was snatched from his hand, and Monty—his face convulsed with anger—glowered fiercely upon him.

"You infernal young blackguard! You impertinent, meddling blockhead! How dare you presume to look at that photograph! How dare you, sir! How dare you!"

Trent was too thoroughly astonished to resent either the blow or the fierce words. He looked up into his aggressor's face in blank surprise.

"I only looked at it," he muttered. "It was lying on the floor."

"Looked at it! You looked at it! Like your confounded impertinence, sir! Who are you to look at her! If ever I catch you prying into my concerns again, I'll shoot you—by Heaven I will!"

Trent laughed sullenly, and, having finished eating, lit his pipe.

"Your concerns are of no interest to me," he said shortly; "keep 'em to yourself—and look here, old 'un, keep your hands off me! I ain't a safe man to hit let me tell you. Now sit down and cool off! I don't want any more of your tantrums."

Then there was a long silence between the two men. Monty sat where Trent had been earlier in the night at the front of the open hut, his eyes fixed upon the ever-rising moon, his face devoid of intelligence, his eyes dim. The fire of the last few minutes had speedily burnt out. His half-soddened brain refused to answer to the sudden spasm of memory which had awakened a spark of the former man. If he had thoughts at all, they hung around that brandy bottle. The calm beauty of the African night could weave no spell upon him. A few feet behind, Trent, by the light of the moon, was practising tricks with a pack of greasy cards. By and by a spark of intelligence found its way into Monty's brain. He turned round furtively.

"Trent," he said, "this is slow! Let us have a friendly game—you and I."

Trent yawned.

"Come on, then," he said. "Single poker or euchre, eh?"

"I do not mind," Monty replied affably. "Just what you prefer."

"Single poker, then," Trent said.

"And the stakes?"

"We've nothing left to play for," Trent answered gloomily, "except cartridges."

Monty made a wry face. "Poker for love, my dear Trent," he said, "between you and me, would lack all the charm of excitement. It would be, in fact, monotonous! Let us exercise our ingenuity. There must be something still of value in our possession."

He relapsed into an affectation of thoughtfulness. Trent watched him curiously, but he scarcely saw to what end. Monty's eyes, moving round the grass-bound hut, stopped at Trent's knapsack which hung from the central pole. He uttered a little exclamation.

"I have it," he declared. "The very thing."

"Well!"

"You are pleased to set an altogether fictitious value upon that half bottle of brandy we have left," he said. "Now I tell you what I will do. In a few months we shall both be rich men. I will play you for my I. O. U. for fifty pounds, fifty sovereigns, Trent, against half the contents of that bottle. Come, that is a fair offer, is it not? How we shall laugh at this in a year or two! Fifty pounds against a tumblerful—positively there is no more—a tumblerful of brandy."

He was watching Trent's face all the time, but the younger man gave no sign. When he had finished, Trent took up the cards, which he had shuffled for poker, and dealt them out for patience. Monty's eyese were dim with disappointment.

"What!" he cried. "You don't agree! Did you understand me? Fifty pounds, Trent! Why, you must be mad!"

"Oh, shut up!" Trent growled. "I don't want your money, and the brandy's poison to you! Go to sleep!"

Monty crept a little nearer to his partner and laid his hand upon his arm. His shirt fell open, showing the cords of his throat swollen and twitching. His voice was half a sob.

"Trent, you are a young man—not old like me. You don't understand my constitution. Brandy is a necessity to me. Remember, it's a whole day since I tasted a drop! Now I'll make it a hundred. What do you say to that? One hundred!"

Trent paused in his game, and looked steadfastly into the eager face thrust close to his. Then he shrugged his shoulders and gathered up the cards.

"You're the silliest fool I ever knew," he said bluntly, "but I suppose you'll worry me into a fever if you don't have your own way."

"You agree?" Monty shieked. Trent nodded and dealt the cards.

"It must be a show after the draw," he said. "We can't bet, for we've nothing to raise the stakes with!"

Monty was breathing hard and his fingers trembled, as though the ague of the swamps was already upon him. He took up his cards one by one, and as he snatched up the last he groaned. Not a pair!

"Four cards," he whispered hoarsely. Trent dealt them out, looked at his own hand, and, keeping a pair of queens, took three more cards. He failed to improve, and threw them upon the floor. With frantic eagerness Monty groveled down to see them—then with a shriek of triumph he threw down a pair of aces.

"Mine!" he said. "I kept an ace and drew another. Give me the brandy!"

Trent rose up, measured the contents of the bottle with his forefinger, and poured out half the contents into a horn mug. Monty stood trembling by.

"Mind," Trent said, "you are a fool to drink it, and I am a fool to let you! You risk your life and mine. Sam has been up and swears we must clear out tomorrow. What sort of form do you think you'll be in to walk sixty miles through the swamps and bush, with perhaps a score of these devils at our heels? Come now, old 'un, be reasonable."

The veins on the old man's forehead stood out like whipcord.

"I won it," he cried. "Give it me! Give it me, I say."

Trent made no further protest. He walked back to where he had been lying and recommended his patience. Monty drank off the contents of the tumbler in two long, delicious gulps! Then he flung the horn upon the floor and laughed aloud.

"That's better," he cried, "that's better! What an ass you are, Trent! To imagine that a drain like that would have any effect at all, save to put life into a man! Bah! what do you know about it?"

Trent did not raise his head. He went on with his solitary game and, to all appearance, paid no heed to his companion's words. Monty was not in the humor to be ignored. He flung himself on the ground opposite to his companion.

"What a slow-blooded sort of creature you are, Trent!" he said. "Don't you ever drink, don't you ever take life a little more gaily?"

"Not when I am carrying my life in my hands," Trent answered grimly. "I get drunk sometimes—when there's nothing on and the blues come—never at a time like this though."

"It is pleasant to hear," the old man remarked, stretching out his limbs, "that you do occasionally relax. In your present frame of mind—you will not be offended I trust—you are just a little heavy as a companion. Never mind. In a year's time I will be teaching you how to dine—to drink champagne, to—by the way, Trent, have you ever tasted champagne?"

"Never," Trent answered gruffly. "Don't know that I want to either."

Monty was compassionate. "My young friend," he said, "I would give my soul to have our future before us, to have your youth and never to have tasted champagne. Phew! the memory of it is delicious!"

"Why don't you go to bed?" Trent said. "You'll need all your strength to-morrow!"

Monty waved his hand with serene contempt.

"I am a man of humors, my dear friend," he said, "and tonight my humor is to talk and be merry. What is it the philosophers tell us?—that the sweetest joys of life are the joys of anticipation. Here we are, then, on the eve of our triumph—let us talk, plan, be happy. Bah! how thirsty it makes one; Come, Trent, what stake will you have me set up against that other tumblerful of brandy?"

"No stake that you can offer," Trent answered shortly. "That drop of brandy may stand between us and death. Pluck up your courage, man, and forget for a bit that there is such a thing as drink."

Monty frowned and looked stealthily across towards the bottle.

"That's all very well, my friend," he said, "but kindly remember that you are young, and well, and strong. I am old, and an invalid. I need support. Don't be hard on me, Trent. Say fifty again."

"No, nor fifty hundred," Trent answered shortly. "I don't want your money. Don't be such a fool, or you'll never live to enjoy it."

Monty shuffled on to his feet, and walked aimlessly about the hut. Once or twice as he passed the place where the bottle rested, he hesitated; at last he paused, his eyes lit up, he stretched out his hand stealthily. But before he could possess himself of it Trent's hand was upon his collar.

"You poor fool!" he said; "leave it alone can't you? You want to poison yourself I know. Well, you can do as you jolly well like when you are out of this—not before."

Monty's eyes flashed evil fires, but his tone remained persuasive. "Trent," he said, "be reasonable. Look at me! I ask you now whether I am not better for that last drop. I tell you that it is food and wine to me. I need it to brace me up for tomorrow. Now listen! Name your own stake! Set it up against that single glass! I am not a mean man, Trent. Shall we say one hundred and fifty?"

Trent looked at him half scornfully, half deprecatingly.

"You are only wasting your breath, Monty," he said. "I couldn't touch money won in such a way, and I want to get you out of this alive. There's fever in the air all around us, and if either of us get a touch of it that drop of brandy might stand between us and death. Don't worry me like a spoilt child. Roll yourself up and go to sleep! I'll keep watch."

"I will be reasonable," Monty whined. "I will go to sleep, my friend, and worry you no more when I have had just one sip of that brandy! It is the finest medicine in the world for me! It will keep the fever off. You do not want money you say! Come, is there anything in this world which I possess, or may possess, which you will set against that three inches of brown liquid?"

Trent was on the point of an angry negative. Suddenly he stopped—hesitated—and said nothing. Monty's face lit up with sudden hope.

"Come," he cried, "there is something I see! You're the right sort, Trent. Don't

for her, and one who would not acquiesce in the retention of the diamonds. I imagined, with a great deal of pleasure, what the duke's feelings would be in face of the communication. Thus, then, the diamonds were to be restored, the duke disgusted, and I myself freed from all my troubles. I have often thought since that the scheme was really very ingenious, and showed a talent for intrigue which has been notably wanting in the rest of my humble career.

The scheme once prosperously carried through, I should, of course, take my departure at the earliest moment on the following day. I might, or I might not, write a line of dignified remonstrance to the duchess, but I should make no attempt to see her; and I should most certainly go. Moreover, it would be a long while before I accepted any of her harum-scarum invitations again.

"Eisa" indeed! Somehow I could not say it with quite the indignant scorn which I desired should be manifest in my tone. I have never been able to be indignant with the duchess; although I have laughed at her. Now I could be, and was, indignant with Marie Delhasse; though, in truth, her difficult position pleaded excuses for her treatment of me which the duchess could not advance.

As the clock of the church struck ten I walked downstairs from my room, wearing a light short overcoat tightly buttoned up. I informed the waiter that I was likely to be late, secured the loan of a latchkey, and left my good friend under the evident impression that I was about to range the shores of the bay in love-lorn solitude. Then I took the footpath down the hill and, swinging along at a round pace, was fairly started on my journey. If the inference I drew from the next thing I saw were correct, it was just as well for me to be out of the way for a little while. For, when I was still about thirty yards from the main road, there dashed past the end of the lane leading up the hill a carriage and pair, traveling at full speed. I could not see who rode inside; but two men sat on the box, and there was luggage on the top. I could not be sure in the dim light, but I had a very strong impression that the carriage was the same as that which had conveyed Mme. Delhasse out of my sight earlier in the evening. If it were so, and if the presence of the luggage indicated that of its owner, the good lady, arriving alone, must have met with the scantest welcome from the duke. And she would return in a fury of anger and suspicion. I was glad not to meet her; for if she were searching for explanation, I fancied, from glances she had given me, that I was likely to come in for a share of her attention. In fact, she might reasonably have supposed that I was interested in her daughter; nor, indeed, would she have been wrong so far.

Briskly I pursued my way, and in something over an hour I reached the turn in the road and, setting my face inland, began to climb the hill. A mile further on I came on a bypath, and not doubting from my memory of the direction, that this must be a short cut to the house, I left the road and struck along the narrow wooded track. But, although shorter than the road, it was not very direct, and I found myself thinking it very creditable to the topographical instinct of my friend and successor, Pierre, that he should have discovered on a first visit, and without having been to the house, that this was the best route to follow. With the knowledge of where the house lay, however, it was not difficult to keep right, and another forty minutes brought me, now creeping along very cautiously, alertly, and with open ears, to the door of old Jean's cottage. No doubt he was fast asleep in his bed, and I feared the need of a good deal of noisy knocking before he could be awakened from a peasant's heavy slumber.

My delight was therefore great when I discovered that—either because he trusted his fellow-men, or because he possessed nothing in the least worth stealing—he had left his door simply on the latch. I lifted the latch and walked in. A dim lantern burned on a little table near the smouldering log-fire. Yet the light was enough to tell me that my involuntary host was not in the room. I passed across its short breadth to a door in the opposite wall. The door yielded to a push; all was dark inside. I listened for a sleeper's breathing, but heard nothing. I returned, took up the lantern, and carried it with me into the inner room. I held it above my head and it enabled me to see the low pallet-bed in the corner. But Jean was not lying in the bed—nay, it was clear that he had not lain on the bed all the night. Yet his bedtime was half-past eight or nine, and it was now hard on one o'clock. Jean was "making a night of it," that seemed very clear. But what was the business or pleasure that engaged him? I admit that I was extremely annoyed. My darling scheme, on which I had prided myself so much, was tripped up by the trifling accident of Jean's absence.

What in the world, I asked again, kept the old man from his bed? It suddenly struck me that he might, by the duke's orders, have accompanied Mme. Delhasse back to Avranches, in order to be able to report to his master any news that came to light there. He might well have been the second man on the box. This reflection removed my surprise at his absence, but not my vexation. I did not know what to do! Should I wait? But he might not be back till morning. Wearily, in high disgust, I recognized that the great scheme had, for tonight at least, gone awry, and that I must tramp back to Avranches, carrying my old man of the sea, the cardinal's necklace. For Jean could not read, and it was useless to leave the parcel with written directions.

I went into the outer room, and set the lantern in its place; I took a pull at my flask, and smoked a pipe. Then, with a last sigh of vexation, I grasped my stick in my hand, rose to my feet, and moved toward the door.

Ah! Hark! There was a footstep outside.

"Thank heaven, here comes the old fool!" I murmured.

The step came on, and, as it came, I listened to it, and as I listened to it, the sudden satisfaction that had filled me as suddenly died away; for, if that were the step of old Jean, may I see no difference between the footfalls of an elephant and of a ballet-dancer! And then, before I had time to form any plan, or to do anything save stand staring in the middle of the floor, the latch was lifted again, the door opened, and in walked—the Duke of Saint-Maclou!

## CHAPTER XII.

### As a Man Possessed.

The dim light served no further than to show that a man was there.

"Well, Jean, what news?" asked the duke, drawing the door close behind him.

"I am not Jean," said I.

"Then who the devil are you, and what are you doing here?" He advanced and held up the lantern. "Why, what are you hanging about for?" he exclaimed the next moment, with a start of surprise.

"And I am not George Sampson, either," said I composedly. I had no mind to play any more tricks. As I must meet him, it should be in my own character.

The duke studied me from top to toe. He twirled his mustache, and a slight smile appeared on his full lips.

"Yet I know you as George Sampson, I think, sir," said he, but in an altered tone. He spoke now as though to an equal—to an enemy perhaps, but to an equal.

I was in some perplexity; but a moment later he relieved me.

"You need trouble yourself with no denials," he said. "Lafleur's story of the gentleman at Avranches, with the description of him, struck me as strange; and for the rest—there were two things."

He seated himself on a stool. I leaned against the wall.

"In the first place," he continued, "I know my wife pretty well; in the second, a secret known to four maid-servants—— Really, sir, you were very confiding!"

"I was doing no wrong," said I; though not, I confess, in a very convinced tone.

"Then why the masquerade?" he answered quickly, hitting my weak point.

"Because you were known to be unreasonable."

His smile broadened a little.

"It's the old crime of husbands, isn't it?" he asked. "Well, sir, I'm no lawyer, and it's not my purpose to question you on that matter. I will put you to no denials."

I bowed. The civility of his demeanor was a surprise to me.

"If that were the only affair, I need not keep you ten minutes," he went on. "At least, I presume that my friend would find you when he wanted to deliver a message from me?"

"Certainly. But may I ask why, if that is your intention, you have delayed so long? You guessed I was at Avranches. Why not have sent to me?"

The duke tugged his mustache.

"I do not know your name, sir," he remarked.

"My name is Aycon."

"I know the name," and he bowed slightly. "Well, I didn't send to you at Avranches because I was otherwise occupied."

"I am glad, sir, that you take it so lightly," said I.

"And by the way, Mr. Aycon, before you question me, isn't there a question I might ask you? How came you here tonight?" And, as he spoke, his smile vanished.

"I have nothing to say, beyond that I hoped to see your servant Jean."

"For what purpose? Come, sir, for what purpose? I have a right to ask for what purpose." And his tone rose in anger.

I was going to give him a straightforward answer. My hand was actually on the way to the spot where I felt the red box pressing against my side, when he rose from his seat and strode toward me; and a sudden passion surged in his voice.

"Answer me! answer me!" he cried. "No, I'm not asking about my wife; I don't care a farthing for that empty little parrot. Answer me, sir, as you value your life! What do you know of Marie Delhasse?"

And he stood before me with uplifted hand, as though he meant to strike me. I did not move, and we looked keenly into one another's eyes. He controlled himself by a great effort, but his hands trembled, as he continued:

"That old hag who came tonight and dared to show her filthy face here without her daughter—she told me of your talks and walks. The girl was ready to come. Who stopped her? Who turned her mind? Who was there but you—you—you?"

And again his passion overcame him, and he was within an ace of dashing his fist to my face.

My hands hung at my side, and I leaned easily against the wall.

"Thank God," said I, "I believe I stopped her! I believe I turned her mind. I did my best, and except me, nobody was there."

"You admit it?"

"I admit the crime you charged me with. Nothing more."

"What have you done with her? Where is she now?"

"I don't know."

"Ah!" he cried, in angry incredulity. "You don't know, don't you?"

"And if I knew, I wouldn't tell you."

"I'm sure of that," he sneered. "It is knowledge a man keeps to himself, isn't it? But, by Heaven, you shall tell me before you leave this place, or—"

"We have already one good ground of quarrel," I interrupted. "What need is there of another?"

"A good ground of quarrel?" he repeated, in a questioning tone.

Honestly I believe that he had for the moment forgotten. His passion for Marie Delhasse and fury at the loss of her filled his whole mind.

"Oh, yes," he went on. "About the duchess? True, Mr. Aycon. That will serve—as well as the truth."

"If that is not a real ground, I know none," said I.

"Haven't you told me that you kept her from me?"

"For no purposes of my own."

He drew back a step, smiling scornfully.

"A man is bound to protest that the lady is virtuous," said he; "but need he insist so much on his own virtue?"

"As it so happens," I observed, "it's not a question of virtue."

I suppose there was something in my tone that caught his attention, for his scornful air was superseded by an intent puzzled gaze, and his next question was put in lower tones:

"What did you stay in Avranches for?"

"Because your wife asked me," said I. The answer was true enough, but, as I wished to deal candidly with him, I added: "And, later on, Mlle. Delhasse expressed a similar desire."

"My wife and Mlle. Delhasse! Truly you are a favorite!"

"Honest men happen to be scarce in this neighborhood," said I. I was becoming rather angry.

"If you are one, I hope to be able to make them scarcer by one more," said the duke.

"Well, we needn't wrangle over it any more," said I; and I sat down on the lid of a chest that stood by the hearth. But the duke sprang forward and seized me by the arm, crying again in ungovernable rage:

"Where is she?"

"She is safe from you, I hope."

"Aye—and you'll keep her safe."

"As I say, I know nothing about her, except that she'd be an honest girl if you'd let her alone."

He was still holding my arm, and I let him hold it; the man was hardly himself under the slavery of his passion. But again, at my words, the wonder which I had seen before stole into his eyes.

"You must know where she is," he said, with a straining look at my face, "but—but—"

He broke off, leaving his sentence unfinished. Then he broke out again:

"Safe from me? I would make life a heaven for her!"

"That's the old plea," said I.

"Is a thing a lie because its old? There's nothing in the world I would not give her—nothing I have not offered her." Then he looked at me, repeating again: "You must know where she is." And then he whispered: "Why aren't you with her?"

"I have no wish to be with her," said I. Any other reason would not have appealed to him.

He sank down on the stool again and sat in a heap, breathing heavily and quickly. He was wonderfully transfigured, and I hardly knew in him the cold, harsh man who had been my temporary master and was the mocking husband of the duchess. Say all that may be said about his passion, I could not doubt that it was life and death to him. Justification he had none; excuse I found in my heart for him, for it struck me—coming over me in a strange sudden revelation as I sat and looked at him—that had he given such love to the duchess, the gay little lady would have been marvelously embarrassed. It was hers to dwell in a radiant mid-ether, neither to mount to heaven nor descend to hell. And in one of these two must dwell such feelings as the duke's.

He roused himself, and leaning forward spoke to me again:

"You've lived in the same house with her and talked to her. You swear you don't love her? What? Has Elsa's little figure come between?"

His tone was full of scorn. He seemed angry with me, not for presuming to love his wife (nay, he would not believe that), but for being so blind as not to love Marie.

"I didn't love her!" I answered, with a frown on my face and in slow words. "You have never felt attracted to her?"

I did not answer that question. I sat frowning in silence till the duke spoke again, in a low hoarse whisper:

"And she? What says she to you?"

I looked up with a start, and met his searching wrathful gaze. I shook my head; his question was new to me—new and disturbing.

"I don't know," said I; and on that we sat in silence for many moments.

Then he rose abruptly and stood beside me.

"Mr. Aycon," he said, in the smoother tones in which he had begun our curious interview, "I came near a little while ago to doing a ruffianly thing, of a sort I am not wont to do. eW must fight out our quarrel in the proper way. Have you any friends in the neighborhood?"

"I am quite unknown," I answered.

He thought for an instant, and then continued:

"There is a regiment quartered at Pontorson, and I have acquaintances among the officers. If agreeable to you, we will drive over there; we shall find gentlemen ready to assist us."

"You are determined to fight?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, with a snap of his lips. "Have we not matters enough and to spare to fight about?"

"I can't of course deny that you have a pretext."

"And I, Mr. Aycon, know that I have also a cause. Will this morning suit you?"

"It is hard on two now."

"Precisely. We have time for a little rest; then I will order the carriage and we will drive together to Pontorson."

"You mean that I should stay in your house?"

"If you will so far honor me. I wish to settle this affair at once, so as to be moving."

"I can but accept."

"Indeed you could hardly get back to Avranches, if, as I presume, you came on foot. Ah! you've never told me why you wished to see Jean;" and he turned a questioning look on me again, as he walked toward the door of the cottage.

"It was——" I began.

"Stay; you shall tell me in the house. Shall I lead the way? Ah, but you know it!" and he smiled grimly.

With a bow, I preceded him along the little path where I had once waited for the duchess, and where Piere, the new servant, had found me. No words passed between us as we went. The duke advanced to the door and unlocked it. We went in, nobody was about, and we crossed the dimly lighted hall into the small room where supper had been laid for three (three who should have been four) on the night of my arrival. Meat, bread, and wine stood on the table now, and with a polite gesture the duke invited me to a repast. I was tired and hungry, and I took a hunch of bread and poured out some wine.

"What keeps Jean, I wonder?" mused the duke, as he sat down. "Perhaps he has found her!" and a gleam of eager hope flashed from his eyes.

I made no comment—where was the profit in more sparring of words? I munched my bread and drank my wine, thinking, by a whimsical turn of thought, of Gustave de Berensac and his horror at the table laid for three. Soon I laid down my napkin, and the duke held out his cigaret case toward me:

"And now, Mr. Aycon, if I'm not keeping you up——"

"I do not feel sleepy," said I.

"It is the same for both of us," he reminded me, shrugging his shoulders. "Well, then, if you are willing—of course you can refuse if you choose—I should like to hear what brought you to Jean's quarters on foot from Avranches in the middle of the night."

"You shall hear. I did not desire to meet you, if I could avoid it, and therefore I sought old Jean, with the intention of making him a messenger to you."

"For what purpose?"

"To restore to you something which has been left on my hands and to which you have a better right than I."

"Pray, what is that?" he asked, evidently puzzled. The truth never crossed his mind.

"This," said I, and I took the red leathern box out of my pocket and set it down on the table in front of the duke. And I put my cigaret between my lips and leaned back in my chair.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A Timely Truce.

I think that at first the Duke of Saint-Maclou could not, as the old saying goes, believe his eyes. He sat looking from me to the red box, and from the red box back to my face. Then he stretched out a slow, wavering hand and drew the box nearer to him till it rested in the circle of his spread-out arm and directly under his poring gaze. He seemed to shrink from opening it, but at last he pressed the spring with a covert timid movement of his finger, and the lid, springing open, revealed the Cardinal's Necklace.

It seemed to be more brilliant than I had ever seen it, in the light of the lamp that stood on the table by us, and the duke looked at it as a magician might at the amulet which failed him, or a warrior at the talisman that had proved impotent. And I, moved to a sudden anger with him for tempting the girl with such a bribe, said bitterly and scornfully, with fresh indignation rising in me:

"It was a high bid! Strange that you could not buy her with it!"

He paid no visible heed to my taunt, and his tone was dull, bewildered, and heavy as, holding the box still in his curved arm, he asked slowly:

"Did she give it to you to give to me?"

"She gave it to me to give to your wife." He looked up with a start. "But your wife would not take it of her. And when I returned from my errand she was gone—where I know not. So I decided to send it back to you."

He did not follow, or took very little interest in my brief history. He did not even reiterate his belief that I knew Marie's whereabouts. His mind was fixed on another point.

"How did you know she had it?" he asked.

"I found her with it on the table before her——"

"You found her?"

"Yes; I went into her sitting room and found her as I say; and she was sobbing, and I got from her the story of it."

"She told you that?"

"Yes, and she feared to send it back, lest you should come and overbear her resistance. I supposed you had frightened her. But neither would she keep it——"

"You bade her not," he put in, in a quick low tone.

"If you like, I prayed her not. Did it need much cleverness to see what was meant by keeping it?"

His mouth twitched. I saw the tempest rising again in him. But for a little longer he held it down.

"Do you take me for a fool?" he asked. "Am I a boy—do I know nothing of women? And do I know nothing of men?"

And he ended in a miserable laugh, and then fell again to tugging his mustache with his shaking hand.

"You know," said I, "what's bad in both, and no doubt that's a good deal."

In that very room the duchess had called Gustave de Berensac a preacher. Her husband had much the same reproach for me.

"Sermons are fine from your mouth," he muttered.

And then his self-control gave way. With a sweep of his arm he drove the necklace from him, so that the box whizzed across the table, balanced a moment on the edge, and fell crashing on the ground, while the duke cried:

"God's curse on it and you! You've taken her from me!"

There was danger—there was something like madness—in his aspect as he rose, and, facing me where I sat, went on in tones still low, but charged with rage that twisted his features and lined his white cheeks:

"Are you a liar or a fool? Have you taken the game for yourself, or are you fool enough not to see that she has despised me—and that miserable necklace—for you—because you've caught her fancy? My God! and I've given my life to it for two years past! And you step in. Why didn't you keep to my wife? You were welcome to her—though I'd have shot you all the same for my name's sake. You must have Marie, too, must you?"

He was mad, if ever man was mad, at that moment. But his words were strong with the force and clear with the insight of his passion; and the rush of them carried my mind along, and swept it with them to their own conclusion. Nay, I will not say that—for I doubted still; but I doubted as a man who would deny, not as one who laughs away, a thought. I sat silent, looking, not at him, but at the Cardinal's Necklace on the floor.

Then, suddenly, while I was still busy with the thought and dazzled at the revelation, while I sat bemused, before I could move, his fingers were on my throat, and his face within a foot of mine, glaring and working as he sent his strength into his arms to throttle me. For his wife—and his name—he would fight a duel; for the sake of Marie Delhasse he would do murder on an invited stranger in his house. I struggled to my feet, his grip on my throat; and I stretched out my hands and caught him under the shoulders in the armpits, and flung him back against the table, and thence he reeled to a large cabinet that was by the wall, and stood leaning against it.

"I knew you were a villain," I said, "but I thought you were a gentleman." (I did not stop to consider the theory implied in that.)

He leaned against the cabinet, red with his exertion and panting; but he did not come at me again. He dashed his hand across his forehead and then he said in hoarse breathless tones:

"You shan't leave here alive!"

Then, with a start of recollection, he thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out a key. He put it in the lock of a drawer of the cabinet, fumbling after the aperture and missing it more than once. Then he opened the drawer, took out a pair of dueling pistols, and laid them on the table.

"They're loaded," he said. "Examine them for yourself."

I did not move; but I took my little friend out of my pocket.

"If I'm attacked," said I, "I shall defend myself; but I'm not going to fight a duel here, without witnesses, at the dead of night, in your house."

"Call it what you like then," said he; and he snatched up a pistol from the table.

He was beyond remonstrance, influence, or control. I believe that in a moment he would have fired; and I must have fired also, or gone to my death as a sheep to the slaughter. But as he spoke there came a sound, just audible, which made him pause, with his right hand that held the pistol raised halfway to the level of his shoulder.

Faint as the sound was, slight as the interruption it would seem to offer to the full career of a madman's fury, it was yet enough to check him, to call him back to consciousness of something else in the world than his balked passion and the man whom he deemed to have thwarted it.

"What's that?" he whispered.

It was the lowest, softest knock at the door—a knock that even in asking attention almost shrank from being heard. It was repeated, louder, yet hardly audibly. The duke, striding on the tip of his toes, transferred the pistols from the table back to the drawer, and stood with his hand inside the open drawer. I slid my weapon into my pocket; and then he trod softly across the floor to the door.

"One moment!" I whispered.

And I stooped and picked up the Cardinal's Necklace and put it back where it had lain before, pushing its box under the table by a hasty movement of my foot—for the duke, after a nod of intelligence, was already opening the door. I drew back in the shadow behind it and waited.

"What do you want?" asked the duke.

And then a girl stepped hastily into the room and closed the door quickly and noiselessly behind her. I saw her face; she was my old friend Suzanne. When her eyes fell on me, she started in surprise, as well she might; but the caution and fear, which had made her knock almost noiseless, her tread almost silent, and her face all astrain with alert alarm, held her back from any cry.

"Never mind him," said the duke. "That's nothing to do with you. What do you want?"

"Hush! Speak low. I thought you would still be up, as you told me to refill the lamp and have it burning. There's—there's something going on."

She spoke in a quick, urgent whisper, and in her agitation remembered no deference in her words of address.

"Going on? Where? Do you mean here?"

"No, no! I heard nothing here. In the duchess' dressing room; it is just under the room where I sleep. I awoke about half an hour ago, and I heard sounds from there. There was a sound as of muffled hammering, and then a noise like the rasping of a file; and I thought I heard people moving about, but very cautiously."

The duke and I were both listening attentively.

"I was frightened, and lay still a little; but then I got up—for the sounds went on—and put on some clothes, and came down——"

"Why didn't you rouse the men? It must be thieves."

"I did go to the men's room; but their door was locked, and I could not make them hear. I did not dare to knock loud; but I saw a light in the room, under the door; and if they'd been awake they would have heard."

"Perhaps they weren't there," I suggested.

Suzanne turned a sudden look on me. Then she said:

"The safe holding the jewels is fixed in the wall of the duchess' dressing room. And—the Lafleur knows it."

The duke had heard the story with a frowning face; but now a smile appeared on his lips, and he said:

"Ah, yes! The jewels are there!"

"The—the Cardinal's Necklace," whispered Suzanne.

"True," said the duke; and his eyes met mine, and we both smiled. A few minutes ago it had not seemed likely that I should share a joke—even a rather grim joke—with him.

"Mr. Aycon," said he, "are you inclined to help me to look into this matter? It may be only the girl's fancy——"

"No, no; I heard plainly," Suzanne protested eagerly.

"But one can never trust these rascally men-servants."

"I am quite ready," said I.

"Our business," said he, "will wait."

"It will be the better for waiting."

He hesitated a moment; then he assented gravely:

"You're right—much better."

He took a pistol out of the drawer, and shut and locked the drawer. Then he turned to Susanne and said:

"You had better go back to bed."

"I daren't, I daren't!"

"Then stay here and keep quiet. Mind, not a sound!"

"Give me a pistol."

He unlocked the drawer again, and gave her what she asked. Then signing me to follow him, he opened the door and we stepped together into the dark hall, the duke laying his hand on my arm and whispering:

"They're after the necklace."

We groped slowly, with careful noiselessness, across the hall to the front of the great staircase. There we paused and listened. There was nothing to be heard. We climbed the first flight of stairs, and the duke turned sharp to the right. We were now in a short corridor which ran north and south; three yards ahead of us was another turn, leading to the west wing of the house. There was a window by us; the duke gently opened it, and over against us, across the base of the triangle formed by the building, was another window, four or five yards away. The window was heavily curtained; no light could be seen through it. But as we stood listening, the sounds began—first the gentle muffled hammering, then the sound of the file. The duke still held my arm, and we stood motionless. The sounds went on for a while. Then they ceased. There was a pause of complete stillness. Then a sharp, though not loud, click! And, upon this, the duke whispered to me:

"They've got the safe open. Now they'll find the small portable safe which holds the necklace."

And I could make out an amused smile on his pale face. Before I could speak, he turned and began to crawl away. I followed. We descended the stairs again to the hall. At the foot he turned sharply to the left, and came to a standstill in a recess under the staircase.

"We'll wait here. Is your pistol all right?"

"Yes, all right," said I.

And, as I spoke, the faintest sound spread from the top of the stairs, and a board creaked under the steps of a man. I was close against the duke, and I felt him quiver with a stifled laugh. Meanwhile the Cardinal's Necklace pressed hard against my ribs under my tightly buttoned coat.

(To Be Continued)


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# SUNDAY SCHOOL

## PATRIOTISM AND PRESENT PROBLEMS

### The International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 27 Is a Temperance Lesson. Isaiah 5:11-23.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

"Every civilized community develops, sooner or later, its land question and its liquor question," says George Adam Smith. Developing this point, he continues: "It is with remarkable persistence that in every civilization the two main passions of the human heart, love of wealth and love of pleasure, the instinct to gather and the instinct to squander, have sought precisely these two forms denounced by Isaiah in which to work their social havoc—appropriation of the soil and indulgence in strong drink."

As if he were writing a commentary upon the acutest present political question of the day, instead of a volume a number of years old, this same keen-sighted Scot says further, in treatment of the passage which is the week's Sunday school lesson: "With fatal persistence, the luxury every civilization has taken to drink, and of all the indictments brought by moralists against nations, that which they deserve for drunkenness is, as here, the most heavily weighted. The crusade against drink is not the novel thing that many imagine who observe only its late revival among ourselves. In ancient times there was scarcely a state in which prohibitive legislation of the most stringent kind was not attempted, and generally carried out with a thoroughness more possible under despots than where, as with us, the slow consent of public opinion is necessary. A horror of strong drink has in every age possessed those who from their position as magistrates or prophets have been able to follow for any distance the drifts of social life. Isaiah exposes as powerfully as ever any of them did in what the peculiar fatality of drinking lies. Wine is a mocker by nothing more than by the moral incredulity which it produces, enabling men to hide from themselves the spiritual and material effects of over-indulgence in it."

**What Ails Our Time?**

Every reader of the day's news, be he never so slightly concerned in moral questions, is aware that the present problems of civilization are fundamentally moral; and that twentieth century patriotism is finding its expression in a consideration of issues which affect the character of mankind. Whether he hears it from the walls of the liquor dealers who have suddenly awakened to the material loss in their revenues, whether he learns it from the pulpit and the periodicals that touch upon moral issues, or whether he gets it as gossip of the street, shop, office or corner store, the average man of today is well aware that in the United States and Canada the temperance question has come to be a burning public issue. To those who have not seen the constructive forces at work for the past generation, the sudden turning of states and communities toward a stern expulsion of the traffic in strong drinks is amazing and almost incredible. The "man of the street" is reading the magazine articles which are appearing on all sides, to convince himself that this great temperance upheaval is actually true, and not the fanciful dream of cold-water enthusiasts.

The person of wider outlook knows that the allied liquor and drug questions are today to an unwonted degree disturbing all the nations of earth. Great Britain is in the throes of a temperance reform agitation as burning as anything known on this side of the water. Parliament is considering a reduction by one-third of the ninety thousand licensed places where liquor is sold in the kingdom. As a sample of the earnestness with which the churches have entered into that fight may be cited the monster demonstration held in June in the city of Manchester, England. A procession was organized for one Saturday afternoon to march to Heaton park, where speeches were made from twenty-five platforms. The line of parade was three miles. So numerous were the marchers that although the procession began at fifteen minutes to three o'clock it had not ended when the meetings in the park broke up at six o'clock. A conservative American editor reports that there were at least fifty thousand persons in line for this demonstration, and that not less than a quarter of a million heard the addresses from the twenty-five platforms.

**A World-Wide Awakening.**

In North America, in Great Britain, and in France, the question to the fore is one of spirituous liquors. To a degree, in these same lands, the agitation against drugs is an allied reform movement. In the greatest of Oriental countries, China, with its four hundred millions, the opium question, after having been persistently pressed upon public attention by a few faithful missionaries, who would not be daunted by the seemingly hopelessness of their task, has suddenly become the gravest single issue in the empire, and at the same time a subject of international discussion and concern.

Although Mohammedanism forbids the drinking of wine, intemperance has been a vital subject in Turkey, Egypt and India. In short, the matter of restraining or abolishing the sale of intoxicating liquor may fairly be said to be a world question. That it is being almost universally discussed is a matter for congratulation. It augurs well for the future of nations that their citizens are debating with increasing intelligence what is fundamentally a moral problem.

Old Isaiah pressed the sin of intemperance home upon the Jews in their threatened decadence. This chapter, which is the assigned portion for the week's Sunday school lesson, is rightly called by the same commentator already quoted "A noble piece of patriotism—one of the noblest of a race who, although for the greater part of their history without a fatherland, have contributed more brilliantly than perhaps any other to the literature of patriotism."

**In the Wake of Prosperity.**

In its pioneer stages, a nation is immediately concerned with questions of territorial rights and of national defense. The more material side of national life, the construction of cities, the establishment of governmet, and the promotion of commerce engage attention. Once it has achieved settled existence, however, and especially if it win prosperity, the nation finds itself seriously face to face with big national problems. Here is a call for patriots. George Adam Smith says, "In a period like our own, for instance, of political security and fashionable religions, what need is there in patriotic displays of any other kind? But how much for patriotism of this kind—of men who will uncover the secret sins, however loathsome, and declare the hypocrisies, however powerful, of the social life of the people! These are the patriots we need in times of peace, and as it is more difficult to rouse a torpid people to their sins than to lead a roused one against their enemies, and harder to face a whole people with the support only of conscience than to defy many nations if you but have your own at your back, so these patriots of peace are more to be honored than those of war."

The subject is crystallized by the same writer in the broad query, never more insistent than today, Does a nation "produce those fruits of righteousness for which alone God cares to set apart and cultivate the peoples? On this depends the question whether the civilization is secure, as well as the right of the people to enjoy and feel proud of it. There cannot be true patriotism without sensitiveness to this, for however rich be the elements that compose the patriot's temper, as piety towards the past, ardour of service for the present, love of liberty, delight in natural beauty and gratitude for Divine favour, so rich a temper will grow rancid without the salt of conscience; and the richer the temper is, the greater must be the proportion of the salt. All prophets and poets of patriotism have been moralists and satirists as well."

# Farmstead

## QUESTIONS FOR ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to reaedrs to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some reader of the Farmstead tell me how to take good care of young grape vines. They were set out last year and are about two feet in height? —M., Yates City, Ill.

Can some one tell me how to make sauerkraut from turnips? I have eaten it, but do not know how it is made.—W., Herrick, Ill.

Will some reader of this column give me a cure for a cow giving curdled milk?—E., Utica, Pa.

I have a two-year-old colt that was kicked about five weeks ago by a colt on the left hind leg, about midway between the hock and pastern joint. The soreness is all gone, but the leg is left about on-third larger than the other. Will some one give a remedy to reduce the leg to its normal size? —M., Mannington, W. Va.

## ALFALFA AND BRAN.

It is not generally known that a ton of alfalfa contains practically as much protein as bran. The farmer who is paying from $20 to $25 per ton for bran to feed his dairy cows would find it much cheaper to raise alfalfa.

Professor Henry, formerly of the Wisconsin station, and an authority on feeding, says that when we compare alfalfa with wheat bran we find that the former is practically the equal of the latter in protein. It would seem that the alfalfa plant offered a solution of the grain feeding problem in this day when the price of millstuffs is soaring upward. Alfalfa can be grown in nearly every section of the country south of Madison, Wis. There are some things that we may have to learn about the culture, but we should set about to learn that something as soon as possible.

Clover is nearly as rich in protein as alfalfa, and, where alfalfa cannot be or is not grown, clover will make an admirable substitute. Perhaps one and one-fourth tons of clover hay will equal a ton of bran, and it can be raised on the farm at such a low cost as to make the use of four tons of it cost only as much as one ton of bran.

We occasionally hear dairymen lamenting the fact that bran has advanced in price so rapidly that it is no longer a profitable dairy feed. This need not alarm any one who resides in sections where alfalfa or clover can be grown.

## HOME OF THE DAIRY COW.

Wherever dairying is carried out intelligently beautiful homes may be found. They are built from the profits of the dairy cow. It is claimed by an advocate of dairying that the milch cow not only builds the home, but keeps it furnished. She is a modest, patient, unobtrusive animal and a true philanthropist, furnishing food for the human race as well as her own offspring. She is not only a civilizer, but the advance guard of prosperity always. There is no farm on which she has been allowed to take an active and conspicuous part but what has been made more fertile, more productive, more remunerative and more valuable. There is no country in which she is a prominent factor in the agricultural interests but what is made more prosperous. There is no family to which her product is the chief source of revenue but what is generously provided for and are made happier and more contented in consequence. There is no person but what is made better by their associating with dairy cows and studying their natures and giving to such treatment as will be conducive to their greatest production. The dairy cow is a home builder in a broader sense than simply furnishing the means for building a house. She not only builds a home to live in, but she furnishes it and continues to supply it with necessities and luxuries that make it attractive and a household of contentment. She builds, besides a house for her caretaker and one for herself, a school home, a church home, a mercantile home, and a banking home, all for the advancement and convenience of a community, and she endows every institution that she builds. The home of the dairy cow is a land of peace and plenty, where intelligence and refinement abound. If you are interested in making your home a happy one and, above everything else, cultivating a contented disposition in your family, as you favor progress and education and refinement, and would accumulate a competency for those you love, let the dairy cow have a prominent place in your program on the farm.—Blue Valley Bulletin.

## POTENTIAL FERTILITY.

There is enough nitrogen in the average United States soil to grow wheat for 90 years, and there is enough potash to grow that crop for 1,000 years if all were available. Soils are exhausted not because the elements of fertility are all consumed, but because the available or soluble supply has been used up. In a recent analysis of New Hampshire soil that has become so barren that it would no longer produce corn, it was found that the soil contained enough potash to produce corn 600 years. However, a very little of the potash was soluble and not being available died from want of the former.

The Delaware station has issued an interesting bulletin on the potential and soluble fertility of soils. It shows that an average of the results of 49 analyses of the typical soils of the United States showed per acre for the first eight inches of surface 2,600 pounds of nitrogen and 4,800 pounds of potash. The average yield of wheat in the United States is 14 bushels per acre. Such a crop will remove 29.7 pounds of nitrogen, 9.5 pounds of phosphoric acid and 13.7 pounds of potash. Now, if all of the potential nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash could be rendered available there is present in such an average soil, in the first eight inches, enough nitrogen to last 90 years, enough phosphoric acid for 500 and enough potash for 1,000 years.

That is what is meant by potential soil fertility, and yet such a soil possessing this same high potential fertility may, under certain conditions, be so actually barren of results to the farmer as to lead him to believe it absolutely devoid of plant food.

The bulletin goes on to state that a soil at Rothanstead, England, which had been successfully cropped to grain for 50 years without the addition of manure and which consequently had become exhausted in available phosphoric acid, still contained a total of 2,880 pounds of the latter per acre in the first foot of depth, nearly all of which was unavailable.

Unavailable fertility is rendered available by the action of the air and moisture upon the unsoluble particles. By cultivating properly the action of those agencies can be assisted. Turning soil over brings up unsoluble matter where the air and water can act upon it. Thorough cultivation assists capillary action, enabling the moisture to dissolve the unsoluble plant food down in the subsoil and then carry it to the surface, where it is needed by the growing crops. Thus it can be seen that cultivation, if done scientifically, will aid the farmer in keeping up the supply of soluble fertility.

## VARIETY OF FEEDS.

There is nothing so beneficial as a variety of feeds. Usually the poultryman who is doing the most wondering during the winter months why the hens are not laying more eggs is the poultryman who tries to make the birds go through the entire year on no other grain but corn. The bird can no more make a profitable egg laying record on a ration of corn and water than the owner could live and keep health on cornmeal and water.

In selling the surplus grain raised on the farm this summer leave a little oats, wheat, and even rye and barley to afford a variety of grain during the fall and winter months. It will not be any loss to reserve these grains, for providing them will make it possible to have a little more corn to sell after gathering time. If the reader lives in town or the suburbs and is now laying in her suppy of feed for the winter she should not overlook providing a variety.

## WINTER ROUGHNESS.

Poultry, as well as other animals in the barn lot, need hay during the winter months when there is no other vegetation easily supplied. One of the very best hays is clover, and we are sure it is the easiest obtained in the majority of the sections of the United States, except where alfalfa will grow. Alfalfa is equal in every respect to clover, if indeed, it is not in some cases superior.

Clover hay stored for the birds should be of the second cutting, and if possible cured in the shade or on a cloudy day. The first cutting of clover is usually made during the latter part of June or the first week in July. As soon as the second growth is three or four inches tall it is ideal for cutting for the poultry. Cut it as soon in the forenoon as all the dew is off the grass. Allow it to remain in the swath till it is wilted, then cart to the shade and spread it out, making the layers thick enough to air cure without being so thick as to mould or heat. An open corn crib makes an excellent place in which to cure the grass, or, if this cannot be provided, the barn floor or the woodshed will answer the purpose admirably. As soon as the grass is thoroughly cured it may be stored in barrels or old boxes for winter use.

Hay cut at the time above mentioned and cured in this way is much superior to the ordinary cured hay, because it is much more tender, and, being cut at a more tender age, contains much more substance than the hay cured in the sun.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## SNOW INSTEAD OF WATER.

We all know what an amount of time and labor it takes to keep a fair sized flock of poultry properly supplied with water, which is most essential to success in poultry management. Some experiments in supplying snow instead of water were made at the Connecticut experiment station by Professor Graham. When pullets and hens were fed wheat screenings in colony houses on low ground, frozen most of the time and covered with snow a part of the time of the experiment, the old hens did not furnish as many eggs or appear to be in as good condition as the younger birds.

The old hens were apparently affected by the snow, the egg production being smaller on the days when snow was on the ground and also considerably less when the ground was frozen; that is, on the cold days when water was not accessible. These conditions do not seem to have affected the younger birds, and they show an increase in eggs immediately after each snowstorm, gradually dropping back as the snow disappears.

In the case of other

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## CONDEMNS BANK GUARANTEE

Letter in the Richmond Times-Dispatch (Dem.).

Sir—Give me space, please, for a few words in answer to your editorial review of Friday last of my card upon the plank in the Democratic platform providing for a guarantee of bank deposits.

This plank provides that the national banks shall be "required to provide a guarantee fund for the prompt payment of the depositors of any insolvent national bank under an equitable system, which shall be available to all state banking institutions."

Let us look into the practical operation of this scheme. Without mentioning by name any one of the distinguished bankers of Richmond, let us choose one as an example.

Aided by an admirable board of directors, the president of a successful bank, and they run that bank with great intelligence, energy and foresight, and have made it a most prosperous institution with a large line of deposits. None of these gentlemennor their depositors want any guarantee for that bank's deposits. The depositors are perfectly satisfied with that knowledge of the way in which that bank is conducted.

I am president of the Wildcat Bank of Mississiapha, and I have a board of directors as slothful and incompetent as I am, and my bank is run more as a harbor for slothful clerks who have "influoence" than as a business institution.

The other president, who wants no protection of any sort, is required to go into his hard and well-earned savings to provide a fund for the protection of the depositors in my wildcat bank, who would never have put their money with me but that they knew their government had provided for their safety against any sloth and incompetency. Is that right? Can any argument, however plausible and specious, justify a government in robbing its good and industrious citizens in that way, for the benefit of its negligent and slothful ones?

And now take the socialistic view of the case. The depositor never would have put his money in my bank if he had not known that the government had provided a fund to guarantee him against my slothfulness and incompetency. He would have put his money in some other bank, where he knew that foresight and intelligence would make it safe. Is it right that the government should come in between men competing in the banking business, and put the slothful and incompetent banker up upon as good a plane as the intelligent and thrifty one? What encouragement have thrift and intelligence if the government is to step in and deprive them of all the rewards of their thrift and intelligence? How long before the body of the citizenry becomes a collection of lazy idlers if they feel that their government is always at hand for them to lean on for support, instead of looking to their own brain and brawn for what they need?

In a recent speech, in discussing this plank, Mr. Bryan said that a farmer in Oklahoma has recently told him that his bank had failed and that he should hasten to town and draw his money out. "Oh, no," said he; "the state guarantees me, and I'll just take my time." There it is. This man put his money in that bank, exacting nothing for the management of it, because the state was at its back. And with this socialistic plank the law of the land, banks would soon all pass from the control of thrifty bankers to that of slothful idlers, leaving the government to foot the bills.

In a card in Saturday's Times-Dispatch, Mr. G. W. B. Hale says that I am attacking the wisdom and action of the whole Democratic party. This is so. My letters are a lamentation that the good old Democratic party should have permitted this Populist, Bryan, to write its platform and commit to its use means and absurdities that emanated from his Populist brain.

WILLIAM L. ROYALL.

Richmond, Va.

## SEEING NEW YORK OF OLDEN TIME

No. 160 WATER ST. 1826

A glimpse of an older and simpler city than ours of today is found in this picture of Water street in 1826, a section of the city which even at that time was devoted to mercantile purposes, as shown by this old fashioned shop.

A graphic sketch of the life that day is given by Felix Oldboy. He says:—The life of the merchant of that day might seem commonplace and dull, but it was not. If he lacked the push and hurry of today, the aesthetic office and fashionable business hours, he had his compensations. There was poetry in our old and forgotten industries. The stately ships that then carried our flag lay at every wharf, and the offices were redolent with spices from the east and cigars from the Indies and teas from Cathay; and the bluff down east captains came back with wonderful offerings of coral and shells and birds and fruits for the wives and children of the ships' owners.

"The visitor to those plain, prosaic places of business found himself swept thousands of miles away by their sights and scents; and when he came to talk with the men who sent out the busy fleets he found that they knew the story of the ship and exulted in its record.

"He rejoiced, too, in the swift clippers that glided off the stocks in our ship yards on the east side and went out upon the ocean to distance the fleets of the world; in the ring and rattle of a thousand hammers in yards that are now deserted and have forgotten the step of the American mechanic; in the rival steamboats that raced up and down the Hudson in the days before the railroads on that river were built."

## PROPER AGE TO MARRY

It has been said that as long as men and women can relight the flame of life they are marriageable, says Myra Dawes. That means that he or she may marry from fifteen to sixty or seventy, and in extreme cases eighty. Man, however, is not solely a gentle loving animal, but a thinking, reasoning, wrangling being, a political, commercial and religious creature. He manufactures brakes to curb the exhilaration of the gallop down hill. He creates sophisms to spoil truth and hatches to make athletes unstable. In short, he is the most clever and industrious production in the whole planetary universe. Yet notwithstanding all these precious virtues he finds the problem of age most complicated when he wishes to take a wife and say to her, "Will you give me your hand and we may form a little future for ourselves?"

All other elements favorable, the ideal marriageable age is believed to be for a man from eighteen to twenty-five or thirty-five, and for a woman from eighteen to twenty-five. He should be a few years older than his wife, for men retain their youth longer than women.

In former days girls married at fifteen and eighteen years of age. Girls do not marry now as young as eighteen are rare. Many believe in very youthful marriages. I cannot believe a girl of less her own mind or is a judge of character until twenty years of age. Before twenty-five or thirty a man knows comparatively little of women, and that usually the worst, and in his choice he is liable to make a terrible mistake. Few have cause to regret waiting until a reasonable age to marry, many have cause to regret haste.

It is the duty of parents to impress upon their daughters what love is, that matrimony means; that they must not barter their future without a full understanding of what they are doing.

Every normal minded woman who is honest with herself must confess to her own heart that to no other, real marriage, rightly understood, is the one for which she was intended and the one in which she would find the highest happiness. If, however, the right man falls to appear, she need not worry.

Beyond the ideal of perfection represented by the marriage of young love's dream we may have all these possible combinations: Two people of mature middle age, two old people, an old man and young woman and vice versa.

In the alliance of two mature middle aged people love is not so intense, perhaps, but cataclysm is also rarer. The navigation is nearly always on a tranquil lake, in a safe boat, under the guidance of the best of helmsmen, good sense.

The majority of such cases consist of old attachments interrupted by insurmountable obstacles, favored again by some fortunate circumstance. The two who had loved and hoped for each other in their youth are now free and their own masters, and all at once by a single glance have called up from the depths a bright panorama of fond visions that disappeared in that abyss that consummed all. That kiss was the beginning of a long idyl which they seem now to see rising from the mists of the past as though by enchantment. Love brings a nosegay and odor of spring which makes them young again.

Add ten or twenty years more. Love has so many different forms and elements it can burn and vibrate even in the oldest; love is not to them an intoxicating flower, but a friendship gilded by sympathy. Many marriages of the aged are of reparation; corrections of proof sheets set aside for years and forgotten; they meet with our approbation and belong to those good actions put down by the recording angel.

To the man who wishes to marry—or the woman—it is rather a question of proper mating and circumstances. One is never older than one looks.

### Jingoism's Alternative.

New York World.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way" and shall take its way, peacefully or otherwise.

In the concluding sentence of a long article intended to prove that an alliance between the United States and China would make for peace the "otherwise" is full of meaning. Peaceably or otherwise is the lofty sentiment which inspires jingoism everywhere. If there were no "otherwise" the war dancers would soon lose interest in their incantations.

## QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

### ARKANSAS GAME LAWS.

Please publish the game laws of Arkansas.—F. S., Union City, Ind.

The following are the Arkansas game laws up to September 1, 1907. The open season for deer is from September 1 to February 1, for birds from November 1 to March 1, for grouse and prairie chicken, from October 31 to December 1, for wild turkey from September 1 to May 1.

### THE SABBATH DAY.

Which is the seventh day of the week, Saturday or Sunday? Has the Sabbath day been changed? If so when and by whom?—C. H., Farmington, W., Va.

Saturday is the seventh day of the week. The Adventists, Seventh Day Baptists and Jews observe the Sabbath on Saturday. The Jewish Sabbath extends from sunset on Friday to sunset on Saturday. They have observed the Sabbath on Saturday since long prior to Moses.

### RUDYARD KIPLING.

Please tell me all you can about Rudyard Kipling.—P. W. P., Sabine, O.

Rudyard Kipling, the Anglo-Indian author, was born in Bombay, India, December 30, 1865. After studying at the United Services college, Westward Ho, North Devon, he returned to India in 1882 as subeditor of the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette, and was for some time special correspondent on the frontier in Rajputana and elsewhere for that paper and for the Allahabad Pioneer. In 1889 he left India, visiting China, Japan, Africa, Australia and the United States before going to England. He was in the United States several years, residing at Brattleboro, Vt. Kipling was a newspaper correspondent in South Africa during the second Boer war. He was first known to a restricted circle of English writers through a volume entitled Departmental Ditties, written by him in 1886, and dealing with the salient features of the Anglo-Indian life with, directness, insight and metrical facility. Kipling's reputation chiefly rests on his collection of stories entitled, Plain Tales from the Hills. Some regard the Jungle Book, published in 1894, as his best work.

### GENERAL BURNSIDE.

Please give a short biographical sketch of General Ambrose Burnside.—C. J. H., Burton, O.

Ambrose Everett Burnside, the American soldier, was born May 23, 1824. When he was seventeen years of age he apprenticed himself to a tailor, spending his leisure in study and useful reading. Two years later he entered West Point, graduating in 1847. In 1852 he resigned from the army to engage in the manufacture of a breech-loading rifle, but this failed and Burnside was declared bankrupt. He then secured employment with a railroad and succeeded in paying every dollar of his obligations. Burnside took command of a regiment of militia when the civil war broke out. He commanded a brigade at Bull Run, and in 1862 captured Roanoke Island. In November, 1862, he superseded General McClellan in the command of the Potomac army. He attacked General Lee at Fredericksburg, but was repulsed with a loss of over 10,000 men. Hooker relieved him and Burnside was transferred to the department of the Ohio. He captured Cumberland Gap and occupied Knoxville, Tenessee, with 18,000 men. General Longstreet laid siege to the town from which Burnside and his army was delivered by the approach of Sherman's army. Burnside returned to the army of the Potomac under Grant and took command of the 9th army corps. After participating in several battles General Meade and a military commission reported that he was "amenable for want of success." In 1865 he resigned from the army to take charge again of railway construction and management. He was governor of Rhode Island from 1866 to 1868 and was elected to the United States senate 1875 and 1880.

### GOLD IN THE KLONDIKE.

Is gold now being mined in the Klondike? What time of the year would be the best to go there and also does a person work independently?—E. C. H., Ensenore, N. Y.

Gold is now being mined in the Klondike. Intense cold prevails in the Klondike for seven months of the year. Snowstorms occur in intervals from September to May. The ground for the better part of the year is frozen to the depth of from 3 to 10 feet, and the only way to get at the gold is to thaw the earth by building a fire and afterwards breaking up the soil with a pick. The best part of the year to go there would then be between May and September. The miners work independently in 1897. We cannot tell you if they do that now, but presume so.

### THE HOT SPRINGS.

Will you please tell me where the different hot springs in the United States are located? Which are considered the best?—J. B. R., Curtis, Neb.

There are many hot springs in the United States. We are able to only mention several of them. There are hot springs at Hot Springs, North Carolina; Hot Springs, South Dakota, and Hot Springs, Arkansas. These are all good, although in Arkansas are probably the best.

### THE DIVINING ROD.

Will you please tell me whether there is such an instrument as a divining rod used to denote the location of gold and other metals hidden in the earth?—W. E. M., Knightstown, Ind.

A divining rod is a forked rod or branch, generally, but not necessarily, of hazel, by means of which, according to a popular belief not yet wholly extinct, the presence of water, minerals, etc., underground, can be detected. When used, the rod, which is carried slowly along in suspension, will, as is affirmed, dip and point toward the ground when brought over the spot where the concealed water or concealed mineral is to be found.

### DETROIT.

Please give a brief history of Detroit, Michigan.—C. M., Sarah, W. Va.

Detroit was first visited by the white man about 1655, and the first map of the region was published in 1656. The first settlement was made in 1701, by Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac. He built Fort Pontchartrain and settled it with fifty soldiers and fifty colonists. At the close of the French and Indian war, about 1760, Major Robert Rogers took the place from the French commandant, Captain Belêtre. In 1763 Pontiac besieged Detroit for several months, but was driven off by a British force sent to relieve Major Gladwyn. In 1778 there were 300 inhabitants living, mostly in log cabins. In 1802 Detroit was incorporated as a town, but in 1805 was obliterated by fire except two buildings. It was rebuilt and became the capital of Michigan Territory. In the war of 1812 William Hull surrendered it to the British under Isaac Brock on threat of a general massacre of the inhabitants by Brock's Indians. The British occupied the next year and the Americans recoupled it. It was incorporated as a village in 1815 and as a city in 1824. It remained capital of the territory until 1837, when Michigan became a state; then of the new state until 1847.

### THE MENNONITES.

Please describe the Mennonites, their origin and belief.—D. A. T., South Boston, Va.

The Mennonites derive their name from Simon Menno, the founder of the sect, who lived early in the sixteenth century. He separated them from the other bodies of Protestants in Holland and Germany, and gave them a system of church order. Their peculiar beliefs consisted in condemning all war as sinful, also oaths and lawsuits, and in looking for the personal reign of Christ in the millennium. All immoral practices were condemned by them, and their own conduct has been exemplary, prudent and devout. Historians rank them as among the best Christians of the church, and the best citizens any state ever had. Toward the end of the sixteenth century William, Prince of Orange, granted the Mennonites a settlement in the United Provinces. Their confession of faith was made public in 1626, and in 1649 they adopted a system of church policy, which is still generally adhered to by them. Persecution in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries drove many from other European countries to take refuge in Holland, where the church became very strong. They established a theological seminary in Amsterdam in 1735. They are now one of the strongest religious bodies in Holland. In the seventeenth century many Mennonites emigrated to Russia, but a century later persecution drove them from the country. In 1786, however, Catharine II. offered special privileges to the members of this religious body to induce them to settle in the kingdom. This induced a large immigration of them thither, where, by their diligence, they gained great prosperity. They were always protected and favored by the government until 1871, when their most valued privilege—exemption from military duty—was taken from them. This brought about the emigration of the larger part of the Russian Mennonites to America. The first members of the body to come to this country was a delegation that came in 1683, by invitation of William Penn. Others followed in subsequent years, settling in Pennsylvania and other states, but their numbers have been comparatively few until the coming over of the colonies from Russia. These have generally settled in Kansas and Nebraska. There have been several secessions from the main body of the Mennonites. The Reformed Mennonites seceded in 1811. Another branch, the New Mennonites, organized in 1847, and an offshoot from this, the Evangelical Mennonites, was formed in 1856. The Amish Mennonites form still another withdrawal from the main body. These latter are often known as "Hookers," because they substitute hooks for buttons on their clothes.

### ROSEBUD OPENING.

When and where will the drawing of the Rosebud Indion lands take place? How much does it cost to make application? Tell about the payments on land, how often does one have to make a payment?—C. D. H., Valparaiso, Ind.

The President has signed a proclamation opening that part of the Rosebud Indian lands in South Dakota, generally known as the Tripp county lands, and designated Judge James W. Witten, the chief law officer of the general land office, to superintend and conduct the registration and drawing to be held in October, 1908. Persons who desire to register for this drawing should go to Chamberlain or Presho, S. D., between October 5 and October 17 and there sign and swear to an application for registration, which will be furnished by the officer administering the oath. These lands embrace 838,000 acres, part of which have been allotted to Indians, and are located on the south side of the state of South Dakota, and adjoin the lands in Gregory county, which were opened in 1904. They are desirable for farming and stock-raising purposes. Similar lands in adjoining counties are selling for $35 to $40 an acre. Soldiers who served for three months during the civil war, the Spanish-American war, or the Philippine insurrection will be required to visit the towns mentioned for the purpose of registering, but may register through an agent.

Information as to the manner of registering and drawing, and blank applications which entitle soldiers to register by agent, can be obtained by writing to Judge Jas. W. Witten, at Washington, D. C., prior to September 25, or to the person who is placed in charge of the blanks in the towns named after October 4. All blanks needed by persons who are not named, who are authorized to administer oaths, to persons who are not soldiers will not be required to obtain blanks in advance.

Persons who are successful in this drawing will be permitted to make entry for one quarter section, or less, under the homestead laws, at some date after March 1, 1909, and may obtain title by making the required residence and cultivation, and by the payment of an acre for all lands entered prior to June 1, 1909, at $4.50 an acre for lands entered under the President's proclamation after that date. One-fifth of the purchase money must be paid at the date of entry, and the remainder in five equal annual payments, without interest, or, if entryman chooses to do so, he can obtain title after fourteen months' actual residence and cultivation, by paying all of the deferred installments.

Under the homestead laws of the United States, a person who is not the owner of more than 160 acres of land in any state or territory, who is a native born citizen of the United States, or has been naturalized, or declared his intention to become a naturalized citizen of the United States, who is over the age of 21 years or the head of a family, may make a homestead entry of not exceeding 160 acres of any of the unoccupied public lands of the United States. A single woman 21 years of age or over has the right to make a homestead entry. Marriage after filing does not invalidate her claim, provided she continues to reside on it and makes proper improvements. A widow may make entry, but a married woman cannot enter land unless she has been deserted by her husband.

Soldiers and sailors, or, if dead, their widows and orphans, have the privilege of filing through an agent. All other applicants must make their filings in person. The period of service in the army up to four years is deducted from the required five years' residence.

It is only necessary to go to Presho or Chamberlain to register. If then you are so fortunate as to secure one of the 5,000 farms, the government will so advise you. It is not necessary, nor advisable, to attend the final drawing. The man who goes to that expense will have no advantage over the man who has registered but does not attend the final drawing.

### MANILA HEMP.

Will you kindly tell something concerning Manila hemp? Where is it grown and how prepared for market? —J. H. L., Vicksburg, Mich.

Manila hemp belongs to the plantain or banana family, the commercial fibre being derived from the stalk or trunk of the wild plantain of the Philippine Islands, and is classed as a structural fibre. The fibre is very strong and is used in the manufacture of ropes of all sizes, from the smallest size of hawsers and cables. In the Philippines the finer grades of the fibre are used in the manufacture of fabrics worn by the natives of the islands. The manila hemp plant was introduced into India in 1859 and the Andaman Islands in 1873. The plant is said to be also found in Borneo and Java and attempts have been made to introduce it into other countries. The commercial, however, is produced only in the Philippines. The culture has been attempted in the West Indies and Florida, but in both places without success. The hemp first attracted attention commercially early in the last century and was imported into Salem and Boston, Massachusetts, about 1824; samples of the fibre, however, were brought to this country by naval officers as early as 1820. In 1900 the production of the fibre was nearly 90,000 tons. The United States consumed last year 56,455 tons of the fibre, valued at $10,558,381. The extraction of the fibre is a simple proposition. The plant is cut near the roots when it is two to four years old, and just before blossoming; if cut earlier the fibre is finer, but shorter. After striking off the leaves the trunk or stem is slit from end to end, and the sheathing layers of cellular matter, which form the petioles of the leaves, are separated, dried a day or two and then cut into strips three inches wide, and finally scraped until the fibre has been cleared of all extraneous matters, soft cellular tissue, etc. The bundles of wet fibre are shaken into filaments, washed, dried and sorted. This is the export fibre for cordage purposes, the fabric necessitating further treatment by beating, which softens and subdivides the filaments. The export fibre is wrought into hanks and made into bales of about 270 pounds, when it is ready for shipment. Machinery is not used in extracting the fibre because it has not been adequate, also on account of native prejudice.

### THOMAS AND SHERIDAN.

Did General Thomas and General Sheridan serve in the Mexican war? Give a short sketch of each.—H. H. B., Stroh, Ind.

Philip Henry Sheridan was born March 6, 1831, and died August 5, 1888. In 1853 he graduated from West Point. He served in the army in 1861, rapidly advancing in rank the longer he served. He participated in many battles and skirmishes during the next four years. In these battles he was usually successful. In 1864 he made his famous rides. After the close of the war, in 1867, Sheridan was appointed governor of the Fifth Military District, consisting of Louisiana and Texas. He was in favor of radical measures in dealing with the southerners. In the troubles that grose as the result of these measures Grant supported him and President Johnson opposed him. He was later removed, only to be made lieutenant-general of the army when Grant became president. In 1888 he was made general. General Sheridan was a devout Roman Catholic in religion.

George Henry Thomas was born July 28, 1810. He graduated from West Point in 1840. He served in the war against the Seminoles in Florida and the Mexican war. He was instructor at the military academy in 1851-4. In 1855 he went on duty in the west. He served during the civil war in the federal army. During this war he was never defeated when he held full command. He was commissioned a major-general in the regular army at the close of the war. General Thomas commanded the department of the Cumberland at the close of the war. Afterwards he was assigned to the command of the military division of the Pacific.

General Sheridan did not serve in the Mexican war, but General Thomas did.

### IMMIGRATION.

Please tell me the number of foreign people who entered the United States from each of the different countries in 1907. Give the per cent that can read and write from each country.—R. V., Cosby, Tenn.

The following are the statistics showing the number of immigrants from all the countries except Canada and Mexico. The Canadians and Mexicans can enter the country in so many different places that the bureau of immigration does not attempt to make any definite statement in regard to the number. Only those who come through ports with the avowed purpose of entering the United States are included below:

In 1907 Austria-Hungary sent 338,452; Belgium, 6,396; Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro, 11,359; Denmark, 7,243; France, including Corsica, 9,731; German empire, 37,801; Greece, 36,550; Italy, including Sicily and Sardinia, 285,731; Netherlands, 6,637; Norway, 22,133; Portugal, including Cape Verde and Azore Islands, 9,698; Roumania, 4,384; Russian empire and Finland, 258,943; Spain, including Canary and Balearic Islands, 4,784; Sweden, 20,589; Switzerland, 3,743; Turkey in Europe, 20,767; England, 56,637; Ireland, 34,530; Scotland, 19,749; Wales, 2,660; other Europe, 107; China, 961; Japan, 30,226; India, 898; Turkey in Asia, 5,052; other Asia, 356; Africa, 1,486; Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, 1,947; Pacific Islands, not specified, 42; British North America, 19,918; Central America, 935; Mexico, 1,406; South America, 2,779; West Indies, 16,689; other countries, 23. The total amounts to 1,285,349. We cannot give statistics relating to the per cent that can read and write.

### J. H. ROBINSON.

Please give a short sketch of Dr. J. H. Robinson. What were some of his most popular books?—G. A. M., Alpison, Tenn.

James Harvey Robinson, the professor of history in Columbia University since 1895, was born June 29, 1863. In 1887 he graduated from Harvard, marrying Grace Woodville Read the same year. In 1891 he was lecturer on European history in the University of Pennsylvania, associate 1892-1895, and acting dean of Barnard College from 1900 to 1901. He co-operated in editing and publishing Translations and Reprints from the Original Sources of European History. He was also editor of various other papers. Some of the books he has written are The German Bundesrath, Introduction of the History of Western Europe, Readings in European History, and The Development of Modern Europe.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

H. W., Straight Creek, Ky.: Apply to the Isthmian Canal Commission, Panama.

L. H. D., Willowtown, W. Va.: Mr. Taft is a Unitarian. An article on Unitarianism will be found in the Questionist Bureau of The Weekly Blade of August 20, 1908.

J. Y., Leemaster, Va.: W. J. Bryan is a member of the Presbyterian church and W. H. Taft is a member of the Unitarian church.

M. B., Flora, Ill.: Doldrums is a nautical term for the parts of ocean near the equator that abound in calms, squalls and light baffling winds; otherwise known as the horse latitude; also applied to the weather variations characteristic of those regions.

L. E. M., Segundo, Col.: The salaries of the United States senators and representatives were recently increased from $5,000 to $7,500 per year.

L. H. S., Elm Hall, Mich.: Your question is one that cannot be discussed in the bureau, as you will readily see if you consult the rules at the head of these columns.

### Knocking Congress Again.

Louisville Courier Journal.

The American Medical Journal finds that there is more lockjaw in Illinois than in any part of the United States. Although the mortality rate is not exceptionally low in the District of Columbia, there is less lockjaw to population in Washington than anywhere, especially during the winter and spring.

# Their Summer Journey

BY ELIZABETH AYRES.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Barrett had arrived at an age then they thought they were entitled to a vacation, and they intended to enjoy it by taking a journey to some summer resort. A pretty home was theirs. It was surrounded by widespreading farm lands. Their children, two sons and two daughters, were happily married and "settled," so their responsibility concerning them was, to a great degree, ended. They were normal sort of people, who always followed the customs prevailing in their neighborhood. They enjoyed the quiet life they lived and were never troubled with unattainable longings.

The Barretts were the sort of people called the "salt of the earth." They knew and cared little for the latest fads and fancies. Their lives had been bound up in their home and children, and in their farm, which acre by acre had grown larger.

"Pa, we'll be land poor if you don't stop buyin," his wife cautioned, with the addition of each acre.

"Don't get into a stew, mother," he answered. "Maybe we'll have to live a little closter for a spell, but there's a good time a-comin' when the acres'll help us to do about as we please."

Frugal living and a family that "all turned in and helped" brought the "good time" while Mr. and Mrs. Barrett were still hale and hearty and able to enjoy it, hence the plans for a vacation journey which neither distance nor money should limit.

It was the first event of the kind in their lives. They were stay-at-home people, and, naturally they could not prepare for traveling without many preliminaries. There was the question as to who should look after the house and the cat and the dog. The matter of caring for the stock was easily settled. They had a "hired hand" for this part of the farm work, so there was no need for anxiety in this direction. In addition to these affairs, there was much to discuss aside from the important question of where they should go.

Pa Barrett, having sent the news into the air that he was contemplating a pleasure journey, was the recipient of quantities of railroad and summer resort literature, which afforded his wife and himself considerable entertainment.

"Well, I declare!" Mrs. Barrett exclaimed, "It's really surprisin' how cheap an' easy you can go to most any place you want to. All you have to do is to get aboard the train an' jest set an' breathe till you get there. These books are real entertainin', what with their readin' an' pictures," she said, looking through the folders, "they're almost as good as goin'. Just listen to this: 'Shady Nook-by-the-Sea. Swept by the ocean breezes. Good fishing and bathing. Hotel situated in the middle of a grove of real trees. Beautiful drives and walks in every direction. Lovers' leap within easy distance. Romantic scenery. Terms moderate, including all the comforts of a home.'"

"That sounds pretty good," she remarked, reflectively. "I always did want to see a lovers' leap. They seem to be scattered around promiscuous, but I never happened to be within easy distance, like it says here."

"Listen to this, ma," Mr. Barrett put in eagerly. "This is for the mountains. It says a lot about the tonic properties of the mountain air and the cathedral-like calm of the pine woods. And they's mountain brooks filled with trout beggin' to be caught, an' look here, ma, they's a lovers' leap, too, an' you have to sleep under blankets every night!"

"Land," Mrs. Barrett exclaimed, "I wonder if you have to take the blankets with you. Mine's all packed away for the summer, but I s'pose I could get 'em out."

"Prob'ly the hotel would furnish 'em," her husband returned, "you wouldn't have to bother."

His wife looked doubtful at this suggestion. "Like as not they wouldn't have 'em aired properly," she objected.

She had the shrinking from close contact with things not her own, which marks the woman of refined taste.

"No," she said firmly, "I should take our own blankets."

"Well, we'll wait an' see; we haven't gone there yet," Silas answered, comfortably.

Mr. Barrett ordered a new blue broadcloth suit for the contemplated journey, and this ended his preparations so far as his wardrobe was concerned. With his wife it was different. Her daughters insisted she should have a black silk shirtwaist suit for traveling, and a gray silk gown for dress-up occasions.

"Land, girls!" she remonstrated, "who's goin' to notice me? Pa and I are going to see, not to be seen. We don't expect to meet up much with people."

Her remonstrances were of no avail. Like the majority of mothers, now that her children were grown, she obeyed them as they had obeyed her in her childhood. They sent to a nearby city for samples of silk, and, after making their selections, when the silk arrived, they turned themselves into a sewing circle and cut, and basted, and fitted, until their mother declared she would "most rather stay at home than to be so hauled over."

She said it laughingly, and really took a keen delight in being of so much importance. She enjoyed the loving touch of her daughters' fingers, and their flattery of her pink cheeks and becoming, silvery hair.

"Won't ma look grand in this gray silk!" one exclaimed. "Ma looks grand in anything," the other returned. "When she's having her last fit I'm going to call pa to come in and look at her."

"My land, girls, how you do go on! Your pa won't know whether my dress is pink or purple. Anyway he likes red," said their mother.

"He'll like this when he sees you in it. We never could hold a candle to you for looks, ma," her daughters declared.

"It's always been said you resembled me more'n your father," Mrs. Barrett returned, demurely.

Their first thought of a summer journey had arisen in July, when the country was dry and dusty. Their preparations had been leisurely made, and were not even begun until the matter had been thoroughly talked over.

"I didn't know there were so many places on earth that were so near like heaven," Pa Barrett remarked, after he had finished reading a new instalment of summer resort advertisements.

At last they fixed their minds on a place far up in the mountains. They lived in a level country, and, as Mrs. Barrett said, the river ran so close by their house there was no need of their hunting for water.

It was late in August before they were ready to start. The night preceding their departure they were sitting, side by side, on their veranda, feeling much as people feel when they are saying a last farewell to a well-beloved spot. The country air was sweet and still, and cool as nights are in August. Their baggage was packed and waiting to be called for, in the morning. They intended to go to bed early in order to be up for an early start in the morning, but the charm of the night held them outside.

"It doesn't really seem as if we were going," Mrs. Barrett remarked with a bit of a sigh.

"This'll be the last night we'll have at home for some time," her husband responded in a voice that held a note of regret.

"I know it, Pa," his wife returned, nearly in tears. "Now that we've made up our minds it seems as if we'd most got there, but I can't seem to abide leavin' home. I don't believe there's any place better."

"I know there isn't," Pa Barrett declared, hammering his knee with his fist, emphatically. "What do you say to not goin' at all?" he asked boldly, speaking the wish that filled his mind.

"Oh, Pa!" his wife gasped, "and us with our tickets bought and all! What'll we do with 'em? Can we get back the money?"

"I was thinkin', just sort o' thinkin', Miranda," he said slowly, "we might get the tickets extended and let poor Mary Mack and her ma have 'em. Of course we won't deserve any credit for given 'em up, as we don't want to go on a tour ourselves, but Mary's been allin' for a considerable time. It come to me the other day, that the doctor said if she could go to the mountains 'twould set her up right. I was thinkin', just a-thinkin', Miranda, if you didn't see any objections, we might manage it so's they could go. What do you say, Miranda?"

"I say yes," she answered, without a moment's hesitation. They're good friends and neighbors an' they've had a hard time. I'll help get 'em ready. The girls 'll take on some, but I've suspicioned they was worried about havin' us go alone, so maybe it'll be a real relief if we give up traveling. Pa," she said suddenly, moving closer to his side to put her hand over his, "you're the best man that ever lived. I don't believe I'd ever have thought of it. You're an awful good man, Pa Barrett."

"We've summered and wintered together for nearly forty years," he answered gently, "an' I never saw a woman that was your equal."

Miranda drew a quick breath.

"You've been a good man to me," she whispered.

They sat there together until they saw the lights go out in the homes of their daughters, a little way down the road.

"It'll seem kind o' nice to be around just as usual in the morning," said Miranda. "Home's the best place for us," she added, contentedly.

"'Specially when it's a home like ours," Silas answered.

## Story of Parental Sacrifice

A certain woman with two daughters was Anxious to do the best she could for them in Life. She made up her mind early that they should have advantages.

One she started under a high priced Professor to take Music lessons; the other was sent to have her voice trained. The first thing she knew they needed a Piano and none but a Baby grand would do. This cost a thousand dollars. She didn't have that much in the Bank, but she paid a Deposit and signed papers to pay for the rest on the Installment plan.

When the simple hearted Neighbors saw the Piano arriving they talked it over and decided that henceforth these People were Above them.

Besides, they weren't very comfortable now and had no place to see visitors. All the best rooms had been vacated because they brought more rent. The Family accommodated themselves in a good sized closet. By this time Myrtle's professor had told her the dangers she ran in exposing her Throat to atmospheric changes and she was terrible afraid of Fogs. Mabel was giving all her attention to fugues and Symphonies. The mother went about doing the Housework.

One day she woke to the cold gray reality that her Daughters' youth had departed. They had been taking Lessons for ten years or More, and she could not see that they had endeared themselves to anybody by their accomplishments. On the contrary, all of her old Friends were estranged because they thought she was Stuck up by having a Grand piano.

No Infatuated music loving Swains appeared on the Horizon. Equally distant was the Devil Stage, and the ladder to it looked frightfully slippery.

"Mother," the Younger daughter finally said one day. "We might as well face the Music and tell each other the truth. The Piano is the Cause of it all. It has separated you from your old friends and us from those who would under other conditions have been ours. The men I might have Married were afraid to love a girl with such Superior tastes as they Imagined mine were. That Baby Grand has blocked our Path to Happiness long enough. Let us sell it to a second-hand furniture dealer or to the Dago on the Corner for Kindlings.

"Then we can open a cheap boarding place and forget these long weary years on the Heights. I am Hungry and thirsty to get down into the Valley where People dwell."

The Older sister wept for Joy and the Mother was the Happiest one of the Trio.

This simple story teaches that the usual Parental sacrifice is a senseless and Useless Endeavor.

### Bantam Rooster Changes Color

Sayville (L. I.) Dispatch to Brooklyn Eagle.

At the farmyard of Frank S. Jones' country seat here there is a bantam rooster which has been very appropriately named Turncoat, for during President Roosevelt's term of office, this rooster has turned from one shade to another as freely and independently as a weathercock turns on a pivot. Some have accused this cock of being a full-fledged political gamester.

When Roosevelt was first elected to the Presidency, Mr. Jones' rooster was jet black; later, when there arose a second term controversy, this bird turned pale, and in a short time his jet black feathers changed to pure white, and he remained white until it was settled that Roosevelt would not be in the race, and for some time his white plumage has been turning back to its original color, which will be jet black in a very few days.

### Paid $3 for Friend's Wife.

New York World.

John Foster was indignant last night when taken before Lieut. O'Neil, in the old West Twentieth street station, charged with having stabbed Mrs. Lillian Faye with a penknife, and also with having broken her nose while calling at her home, 305 West Nineteenth street.

"I don't see what the law has to do with that," said Foster. "I have a perfect right to do as I did."

"You are not her husband," said the lieutenant.

"That makes no difference," said Foster. "I bought her from her husband for $3. Haven't I got a right to do as I please in that case?"

Lieut. O'Neil ordered Foster locked up.

### Beside the Gate of Dreams.

An idle youth one summer day
Went wandering afield—
Nor east or west on any quest
That eye or thought revealed.
But on and on through bloom and shine,
And down by shady streams,
Through lane and wood, until he stood
Beside the Gate of Dreams.

What saw he there? Nay, rather ask
What saw he not and he

# TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1908.

**Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.**

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

**Circulation Last Week 202,000**


This is a great country. In spite of any lumber trust we still have forests to burn.

Aunt Carrie Nation has created the impression that she will not vote for either Taft or Bryan.

It will probably be a long time before presidential candidates go campaigning in aeroplanes.

Whoever becomes the political heir of President Roosevelt won't have any soft snap filling the position.

It is reported, on what seems reliable authority, that the new $20 gold pieces do not stack up nicely.

He is a poor politician who cannot draw almost any sort of conclusion from the Maine election returns.

Mr. Taft's ability to talk back will make him a lot of friends among people who like a lively campaign.

Some of the letters Senator Foraker received contained what might be regarded by some men as glad tidings.

The dear people seem disposed to show politicians that they can live through a campaign without becoming unduly excited.

"A Connecticut horse refused to eat a roll of $1,300 in bills which he found in his feed." Perhaps it was tainted money.

When the campaign is over it will probably be discovered that Uncle Joe Cannon has taken pretty good care of himself.

Mr. Roosevelt will more thoroughly enjoy himself in the African jungles if he knows Mr. Taft is at home running the country.

If all the people who are going to do something big tomorrow would do it we would have a near-revolution of things in general.

Emma Goldman is going to Australia. It is a case where that old remark, "Our loss will be Australia's gain," won't work in well.

By renominating Hughes for governor New York Republicans are in a fair way to gain a reputation for doing the right thing at the right time.

Women will crowd around a window display of new millinery in much the same way men rush into the street to witness a dog fight.

Mr. Bryan says the stars in their courses are for him. The stars, however, can't vote, so they will not be of any use to him November 3.

Edison says that within five years airships will be carrying people across the ocean. That sort of optimism will not appeal to a lot of people.

If a course in matrimony should be introduced in the public schools, as proposed by a Kansas man, would it be safe and sane to hire old maids as teachers?

A noticeable thing about this campaign is that none of the candidates is willing to depend upon the phonograph record of his voice to sway the dear people.

The reported shortage in the price of cranberries will probably be accepted as an excuse for raising the price of turkeys along about Thanksgiving time.

A Chicago man claims to have died and gone to hell and he thinks it is not as bad a place as the preachers say it is. But all the same he doesn't explain why he wanted to return to Chicago.

Mr. Taft, by practical experience, has learned a great deal about affairs of government. If Mr. Bryan knows anything about running the country he must have learned it in a correspondence school.

"How long do you suppose Bryan's heirship will stay up," asks the Detroit News. It is dated to fall November 3, and it is not generally believed there will be any postponements on account of the weather.

According to a statement of the Post, a lone Houston widow has contributed one cent to the Democratic campaign. The donation is probably made on the theory that that is all the cause is worth.

### ISSUING ORDERS.

It takes the president of a railroad to issue an order that backs up against the frontier of absurdity. Intrenched in his private office on the top floor of a sky-scraper he discovers that something is all wrong. Forthwith he calls in a stenographer and dictates a command for it to cease. Since the day of Joshua no one has been bolder in this business of shouting halt.

Take the case of the president of the Lackawanna railroad who has called for a cessation of the rice throwing in the trains and within the precincts of the railroad property. No more shall the merry wedding party bombard the newly wed as they depart for their honeymoon, no more shall passengers snicker when the rice begins to shower through the windows, no longer can the obsequious porter rush forth with his wisp-broom and hold up the embarrassed bridegroom. The president of the line says no. It is not his task to enforce the order. It is sufficient that he demonstrate his foolishness by promulgating it.

We wish the executive head of the Lackawanna would issue orders for it to rain.

### THE FORAKER CHARGES.

In the Foraker affair Ohio is face to face with big history. Out of the clamor and bitterness and sensational developments of the Hearst charges there must come either the proof of one of the blackest conspiracies ever plotted against a statesman's honor—or one of the great tragedies of American politics.

Joseph Benson Foraker has been a leader of men for more than a generation. His youth was brilliant with the promise his after years have fulfilled. His young manhood, marked with the gallantry of an American soldier, was a fitting preface to a career notable for its strength and filled with the honors lavishly bestowed by his fellows. He has lived his life as a master mind and a master of men. And now, at the sunset of his years, the white-haired soldier and statesman stands branded as a criminal and a traitor.

Burton, of Kansas, the jailbird ex-senator of the western state, was never half as guilty a man as Hearst says Foraker is. Benedict Arnold, of black Revolutionary days memory, was not half the traitor to the army of Washington that Hearst declares Foraker has been to the people who have delighted to do him honor. If Hearst's assertion that Foraker prostituted his membership in the first legislative body of the land to the service of a corporation be true, then Foraker should be scourged from the American citizenship he has befouled. If Hearst's charges against this brilliant white-haired veteran are false, the New York journalist should be punished to the limit of the law and the last word of public contempt.

But the truth must be known. The Foraker affair is no commonplace campaign sensation which can set the nation's tongue awag for a day and be forgotten. Either Hearst or Foraker has struck at the root of the Republic. One or the other of them must endure the limit of punishment; one or the other must suffer, that the people's faith in the people may live. There is no middle course. Either Hearst or Foraker has earned and must abide the eternal scorn of the nation.

Few men are called upon to face so grave a crisis as confronts Senator Foraker today. He has but two lines of action before him. He must do one of two things. Either Senator Foraker must disprove, and disprove absolutely and beyond the shadow of a doubt, the charges that now lie against him, or he must admit his unspeakable guilt and resign from the United States senate.

And he must do, one or the other, NOW.

### MILLIONAIRES.

These men with passions for statistics are the greatest iconoclasts in the world. They like nothing better than to have a friend make an assertion confidently and with the tone of committing himself to the belief in the facts quoted. Then they bombard him with figures, harass him with sections stripped from tables and tear his poor little unsubstantial remark into such shreds that they wouldn't suggest utility to even a manufacturer of breakfast foods.

The chief statistician of the census has just robbed us of one of our choicest productions. He has analyzed the material from which a conception of the national wealth is obtained. He has found it totally at disagreement with the popular view, with the newspapers and, in particular, with those gentlemen of the magazines spoken of as muckrakers. If there are all the millionaires in this country that are supposed to be, then this nation is tremendously more wealthy than it will admit openly. The farmers, the small store owners, the man with only a suit to his back, has to possess something. But if you subtract a small sum for each of these humble citizens what is left for the many thousands of millionaires? Very little. To get back to reasonable grounds, there are only about one-hundredth as many persons in America with a million dollars' worth of property as the general opinion declares.

While we have several immense fortunes, one of them believed to be the largest in the world, the distribution of wealth is more even than in the countries of Europe. The laborer, the land worker, the shop keeper, the professional man, and the one dependent on salary, have far more than natives in Europe in the same lines. There are doubtless a great number of millionaires on this side of the Atlantic, but when we remember that, for example, J. D. Phelps Stokes, charity worker, is always spoken of as a millionaire, and has, in fact, an income under $5,000 a year, it is easy to understand how the by-ways of the United States are thought to be jammed with the possessors of predatory riches.

The statistician, though he may be able to tear down all our myths in order that we may see the clearer and think the straighter, will never command the national gratitude. He is altogether too much given to shattering our beloved myths.

### THE SUPREME COURT.

The national election this fall will not be the selection of a president and a vice-president alone. It will not be the choice of the people as to the brand of policies which most please them. It is farther reaching than the personnel of the administration and the drafting of new laws, conservative, radical, progressive, or impracticable.

The nation this year will be deciding the character of men who will have the balance of opinion, or more truly the balance of power, in the United States supreme court. In an exceedingly thoughtful article by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., in Hampton's Broadway Magazine, it is pointed out that three vacancies are almost certain to appear in the supreme court before the close of the next administration. Five are quite probable. Chief Justice Fuller and Judge Harlan are now 75 years of age. Judge Brewer has reached 71. Judge Peckham is only a year younger. Judge Holmes is 67; White, 63; Day, 59; Moody, 55. The chances of life are against those who have passed three score and ten remaining on the bench until March 3, 1913. Whoever is elected president will put his stamp upon the character of the supreme court. If he is wise in the judgment of men he will be doing well. But he will be influenced by other things than the sole question of merit. The president's individual views of government will enter into the problem of picking successors to the ones who will have dropped out.

There is a chance here for much speculation. For the judges of the United States supreme bench hold office for life. As the saying is, "they seldom die and never resign." Their influence upon the conduct of the government continues long after the president who has made each individual appointment has ceased to be a factor in his country's politics, often many years after the one to whom they owe position has been garnered to his fathers and his body become ashes. One vote swings the scales of decision where four judges agree in an opinion and four others oppose.

It is great authority to be vested in one human creature. It is necessary, then, that he shall be deeply versed in the law—far more than this, that he be a man of broad breadth, of wisdom that is not all of book learning and experience in the ways of courts, that he be in sympathy with the institutions of the nation and, above all, that he be immovable to the pressure of family, friendship or politics.

The next president will be called on to deliberate much before he names the new judges. He must be thoughtful not alone for the present, but also for the many years to come.

### AN IMPERIAL CROP.

A musical name has alfalfa, a fine falling of vowels suggestive of the languid eyes of dusky beauty, of the faint, soft strumming of guitars at hazy twilight. And alfalfa has had its romance. Its story is an epic.

It came from that mother of humanity, the central country of Asia. With Xerxes it crossed into Greece, but, unlike that great warrior, it gained a foothold and spread throughout Europe. The Spanish warriors brought it into Peru and Mexico as forage for their horses, and through the centuries it moved slowly northward where now, beyond the Missouri, with wind and soil and sky and rainfall to its perfect liking, it has fattened the fields and enriched the farm folk. In the language of the prophet, the Kansas State Agricultural college says:

"The time is not far distant when alfalfa will occupy every available acre in every congenial area in the state; when the demand for the crop and for its product for seed and hay at home and for meal abroad will be even greater than the supply."

Wheat and corn have been bleeding the deep loams of the west. The fertility of the soil is showing signs of exhaustion. Where forty bushels of wheat once came from every acre, ten and twelve is the average yield at present. The elements which make plant life grow readily must be replaced and the cheapest agent for renewing these is alfalfa. It not merely inoculates the soil, for alfalfa is a member of the nitrogen absorbing clover family, but it also returns a profit to the farmer while it is thus engaged. Today, alfalfa is a crop not alone valuable as a fertilizer and for furnishing forage for the home outfit, but it commands a fair price in the market. It will grow four to five and sometimes more crops a year and four seasons may pass before a rotation of crops is advisable. Its yield is the highest per acre of all the forage plants, three and a half tons per year on the average. Alfalfa is not a stickler for the quality of soil. It will grow in sandy earth, in heavy clay and gumbo. It flourishes in the sheltered valleys and finds a living in the thin humus of the hillsides.

Alfalfa is the most valuable forage plant in the world. It is a wonderful fattener of cattle, makes horses strong and well tempered, and produces the excellent arrangement of fat and lean in bacon which convinces the healthy man at the breakfast table that life is certainly worth every inch of the living. And, they say in Kansas, it is no uncommon thing for bees in the alfalfa regions to store a hundred pounds of honey in every hive.

Alfalfa, soft of sound and stuffed with goodnesses—it is strange the bulletin of the Kansas agricultural station which has given forth all these facts was not written in sweet and limpid verse. Alfalfa is truly all that poetry is, the sublimation of the sun-warmed breezes, of the rich, cool earth and the unfathomed skies. Kansas is becoming the land flowing with milk and honey.


## LACE CURTAINS.

### Special Announcement to Subscribers Whose Time Expires Next Month.

In five years we have distributed among our subscribers over 100,000 pairs of lace curtains. This has proved to be the most popular premium ever offered with the Weekly Blade, and upon the urgent request of so many of our subscribers who want more of them we have contracted for another season's supply. Remember we do not sell these curtains, but give them free for every club of ten subscribers.

We have these curtains made especially for our purpose—all of them being exactly the same pattern, so that subscribers getting pairs at intervals will always find them to match. Each curtain is 30 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and we always send two curtains (or one pair), postpaid by mail to each person awarded. The retail price of these curtains in local stores would be from $1.00 to $1.50 per pair.

**How to Obtain the Premium.**

On the first day of each month we shall mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of several propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of ten or more subscribers according to proposition number 3 will receive one pair of these curtains postpaid by mail. By October 1st those whose subscriptions expire during October should have our propositions. If not received by October 4th drop us a postal and we will promptly mail a duplicate. We shall be disappointed if each subscriber does not renew under one of our propositions, as The Blade is the cheapest and best weekly newspaper in the world, and will be the most popular paper printed during the presidential campaign. While all should renew under one of our propositions, we shall be prepared for the majority to send us clubs of ten or more, and avail themselves of our curtain propositions. It will be noticed that we do not now make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enable us to take care each month of those subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to October subscribers only, and thirty days later the November people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. Remember, unless you accept one of our October propositions by November 1st you will never have the opportunity again, because, beginning with that date, we shall deal with November subscribers only. In the meantime, if you do not renew, your name would be dropped from our list, and your address would be lost to us. We hope to have a renewal of all our October names and a large number of new ones as well.


### STRATEGY IN OKLAHOMA.

Governor Haskell, known to a fame of a sort in Ohio, has been having some sledding in the state of his adoption marked with the discomfort of bumps. William Randolph Hearst, who seems to be dreadfully given to digging up records, charged that Haskell had been connected with the issuance of a condemnation of the principle of union labor. Mr. Haskell finds that the charge is embarrassing him. It is interfering, moreover, with his task of collecting campaign funds.

The governor hit upon a bright scheme. His would be no ordinary rebuttal like calling Hearst a liar. It would effectively bury the accusation, and perhaps the record, for all time. He would have the State Federation of Labor endorse him. So he prepared a document praising the Haskell administration warmly. A dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer describes the paper as one applauding the governor "in the most exuberant language."

But the scheme didn't work. When the secretary of the state federation was asked to sign it he refused point blank. He said he was opposed to using the name of the federation for political purposes. Then the governor sent a young woman to the secretary and she pleaded her very best. The secretary was obdurate. The fair messenger had to go back to the capital to disappoint Mr. Haskell. And to every other influence that secretary stands like a stone wall. Not all the king's horses nor all the king's political household has been able to get that greatly to be desired signature.

Which shows us two things: That Haskell is not the whole thing in Oklahoma in spite of the noise he makes, and that one labor leader there has his opinion about the attempt to buffalo the union men into voting en masse without the exercise of their own opinions or prejudices.

### GOVERNOR HUGHES.

The nomination of Governor Hughes was foregone in spite of the amount of dust that was kicked up about it. It was a measure the Republican convention could not have escaped had the majority of the delegates desired to do so and there is no evidence that it did wish to. The selection would have been forced if the machine had been many times more powerful than it actually was. And it is to be questioned if the interference of the President was necessary to bring the convention into line with the demands of the people of the state of New York. No other Republican candidate was acceptable at this time. The commonwealth was determined to have Hughes or a Democrat. The Blade has had occasion before to comment upon the nonsense of condemning a machine because it is a machine per se. It is when such an organization is fallen in moral tone, when it seeks to put its will above the will of the people, when it gathers to itself the vultures of graft and corruption that the thing should be attacked and crushed. Every party has its machine, the Prohibition, the Socialist, the Democratic and the Republican. A party would be as useless as a sunken dredge in a Panama swamp without one. Abraham Lincoln was nominated by one of the finest organized machines ever known to this country. It was fortunate for the nation that there were politicians of sufficient shrewdness in Lincoln's faction to form one. But the "ring" of which Barnes and Parsons and Woodruff were the moving spirits was one which Governor Hughes could not stoop to recognize. It was his business to combat it as much as it was his duty to govern his state to the best of his ability. In rebuffing that machine the convention bowed to a sentiment country wide.

Mr. Hughes has made a great governor, one of the strongest that New York has ever possessed, and it has had many great executives, John Jay, DeWitt Clinton, William H. Seward, Hamilton Fish, Samuel J. Tilden, Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt among them. Mr. Hughes will stand high in the annals of statesmanship. New York owes him much and to itself it owes his re-election.

### THE REAL CAMPAIGN.

The Alphonse and Gaston ceremonials of the campaign have ceased. The combatants no longer sweep the dust with their plumes. Compliments have been put away in mothproof boxes. The duel is on.

It was all because the retiring President chose to designate whom he considered the more worthy heir to his policy and direction of state. It was an inspiring testament, but it is an indifferent estate which cannot show a list of disappointed claimants. The one who declared himself the legatee by right and law of nature was hurt. Anger rose within him like the ferment of a new and impracticable issue. He forgot that personalities, that pettishness, that Bryanistics were to be marked by their absence this fall. When he read the letter to the herder of beef cattle in distant Montana he remarked that a clear expression from Mr. Taft would be of more value than a eulogy from Mr. Roosevelt.

Nothing could be more typical of the method of mental reasoning of the Democratic candidate. He argued that it was not for Roosevelt to praise a former secretary of war, but for Mr. Taft to stand forth and trumpet his achievements himself. It was such a comment as most men would ignore, because of its smallness and irrelevancy. But you never know when you are going to get under the skin of a good-natured man. It is easy to judge persons who carry chips on their shoulders. They are the only truly even tempered. They are mad nearly all the time. But that unaimed, equivocal thrust, some queer way or other, touched Mr. Taft. And he struck back.

It was no peace-be-with-you sort of response. It had none of the technique of the bench, or of the monotonous army order. It was a case of flaying in hot blood. History was brought forth with a yank to parade in naked, shamed truth before the eyes of the country. The ineptitude of his opponent, his wavering, unimportant and altogether false doctrine, his seizure of every issue that promised popularity, every one of the skeletons of the Bryan closet was rattled in the public view. The hide was ripped off as if by a man in a hurry and nailed to clapboards of the barn with spikes torn from the ties of government owned railroads. The late Senator Ingalls never did a bit of better skinning.

But alas and alack! The honey worded campaign the nation had been congratulating itself upon having served to itself is declared off. The suave back platform electioneering is not to be. Scowls and dark looks, tartness and acidity of tongue, words heated like hot shot, we are to make all their acquaintance before October begins to descend into the critical month of November.

### THE MAINE ELECTION.

The reduction of the Republican plurality in the state election in Maine has about as much relation to the national outcome as the direction taken by a tumblebug has to the winning of the baseball pennants. But the cocksure political weather scientists will be figuring out the November results with the same old shaking of heads. They are the kind that can develop significance from the side of the bed they sleep on. There is no harm in their forecasts and, therefore, no reason why they shouldn't be permitted to draw horoscopes until the cows come home.

Now, the Maine fight was as purely local as a scrap between two farmers as to the location of their line fence. In 1905 a law was put on the statute books authorizing the governor to send officers into a county if there was doubt that the sheriff was not enforcing the regulations against the sale of intoxicants. This measure has created a tremendous amount of hard feeling. The difference of opinion as regards the liquor question has divided the state without regard to the national issues to be voted upon in November. The agitation against the radical Sturgis law has gone farther. It has developed a strong demand for the resubmission of the constitutional section which forced saloons out of the state to a vote of the people. The fight at the polls on Tuesday was whether the question should be resubmitted or not. The vote of the state was that it should not be. All other subjects were given small discussion and thought in the campaign. Maine was as far away from the rest of the country politically as the island of Jolo.

It will be found when the November elections are held that hundreds of Republicans who gave their support to the Democratic ticket at the state election will be voting for Taft and Sherman.

But then "dopesters" are not interested in issues. Their eyes are for the statistics alone. From them they can calculate everything from the price of a meal ticket to the number of feathers in the wings of the angels.

### GUARANTEED DEPOSITS.

The newest panacea with which the name of Bryan has become connected is the state guarantee of bank deposits. The birth of this solution to financial troubles took place in Oklahoma, and that eminent economist, Governor Haskell, was one of the sponsors at the baptism. The plan is idealistic Bryanesque, presenting a fine face of promise—and suggesting a long vista of complications.

Superficially, the depositors in Oklahoma is assured of every protection. His savings appear as safe as if placed in the vaults of the treasury department at Washington. Let us see how the law might affect the depostior in the end.

A special tax is put upon all banks. From the funds thus gathered a depositor who suffers through the closing of any bank is reimbursed. The institution which conducts its business along legitimate and cautious lines gives its share to the special guarantee quite as much as the one which takes speculative chances. The banker, beset by the temptation to take "fliers" in grain and stocks, can feel more ready to play with fate, knowing that he will not be answerable to his depositors for any loss that may occur through his gambling. This will be made up by the state, all the banks in the commonwealth, as it were, jumping to the rescue of the one which has ruined itself by criminal practices.

The reckless banker, it would seem, has everything to his advantage. He can play with the money of the depositors as much as he likes. The risks he will take will be bolder and more unscrupulous than under the old system. His returns, so long as he is successful, will be in proportion to the dangers he runs. The other banks will be under constant pressure to force up their dividends, because their returns will come into comparison with the "wild cats."

But when the break comes, as it does inevitably in the game of speculation if continued, it will be another story. A few smashes would exhaust the guarantee funds. Either the banks remaining in existence must come up with more taxes, or the state must draw on other funds in order to make good. Of course, there would be a tangle right there. The law provides for no such exigency. The depositors will not get their money, or they will get it after the next tax collection.

Under a system of national guarantee the bankers of such a state as Connecticut, which has not had a failure in many years, must aid the depositors of an institution, say in Nevada, which or less danger.

has undertaken to float an issue of mining stock and been ruined through the venture. The states where banking is carried along prudently will suffer as severely as those in communities seized with the get-rich-quick ideas.

However, Mr. Bryan is not expected to pursue a subject to its logical conclusion. His history fails to indicate that he ever did anything of the sort.

### LAW AND THE PUBLIC.

From time to time the law machinery of this country comes under a cloud of suspicion. It is undergoing such an experience at the present time, and so marked has become the popular disfavor into which the attorney's practice has fallen that the bar of the state of New York has undertaken to revise its code of ethics. The reversal of the Standard Oil fine brought forth the most bitter of criticism. Lawyers have been charged with seeking business where their work consists in showing how close to disaster a wealthy client can sail without coming to harm. But nothing has produced more uneasiness in the mind of the God-fearing citizen than the success of Harry Thaw in squirming out of punishment to a point where he is dangerously close to complete liberty.

By means of an endless succession of writs of habeas corpus, by obtaining orders for an examination by a sanity commission, Thaw has escaped imprisonment at the Matteawan State Hospital for the Criminal Insane, and is now in the charge of the sheriff of Dutchess county. He has been able to make several excursions in the company of a deputy and, according to a correspondent of the Pittsburg Leader, he lives in comparative luxury in his jail quarters. These are some of the privileges allowed him:

Suite of three cells furnished for his personal use and freedom of eight other cells in the same corridor.

Portieres in his cells, rugs on the floor and running water.

The use of a telephone.

Correspondence without interference.

Unlimited tobacco.

A referee in bankruptcy in Pittsburg is attempting to have Thaw brought to that city for the purpose of examination. The state commission in lunacy in New York is opposing the writ out of the fear that, once beyond the jurisdiction of New York, a new and costly series of actions must be brought in order to get control of the prisoner again.

Failing along this line, Thaw purposes taking his case into the United States courts to have them pass upon his mental condition. They cannot compel New York to release him, but it is believed by the lawyers for Thaw that their client will gain through a moral effect.

It is apparent that the murderer of Stanford White can keep up this struggle as long as his money lasts, or, at least, as long as his mother furnishes the funds. The steps toward freedom so far made by Thaw are a reflection upon the laws of New York. The longer he is permitted to employ the courts to keep him out of Matteawan the more distrustful will the average citizen become with the institution of justice, as now conducted.

The appearance of the question in national politics is evidence of a country-wide demand for reform in the judiciary. It is preached by both of the leading candidates for the presidency. They reflect the public opinion.

### A KING AWEARY.

Peter Karageorgevitch, who came into a kingdom when a party of discontented courtiers sabred Alexander and Queen Draga out of all semblance to human beings, is now said to yearn for the old days in Geneva when he was no more than a plotting pretender. He loved the politics of the thing, but the achievement soon grew stale upon his palate. "Not the quarry, but the pursuit" was pleasing.

King Peter's reign in Servia has been as little joyous to his country as it has been to him. Neither prosperity nor peace have come to bless the day he crossed the frontier, or even sufficient of either to excuse the assassination of an unworthy monarch. Peter, it is reported, wishes to give up the whole sorry business, but does not know how to let go and save his royal neck at both and the same time. Turmoil if he stays, chaos if he leaves.

Remembering how Peter came to his throne it is impossible to pity him. He is merely reaping the whirlwind. And it is just as hard to feel sorry for the politicians who had dared so much and profited so little. Our hearts must go out to the bewildered people who strive to dig a livelihood from the stony hills and who hope against hope for the day when this may be done free from the wrangle of jealous princes.

### THE TEXAS REAWAKENING.

The southwest is beginning to feel the effects of the confidence reappearing in business. From Texas comes news that the packing plants of Fort Worth are calling for workers, offering employment to men and women for indefinite periods. The cotton plantations also are in need of much more labor that is available in the state. Every line is reported to be putting its employes back on the payrolls. There are few mechanics out of work and before winter the railroads are expected to be advertising for laborers.

Texas suffered with no little severity from the panic of 1907 and the consequent depression. But thanks to the large crops, the state has recovered with remarkable speed. The merchants are discovering renewed demand for goods and have been forced to rush orders to replace their depleted stocks. There is a better tone throughout the southwest and a determination to forget that there has been a panic.

Orders have been coming in to the machinery manufacturers of the east with such briskness that the Manufacturers' Record ventures to predict a very active market for the winter and spring.

A few months may see the dull times chronicled with the past.

Flying is getting to be easy, but hitting the earth is still fraught with more

### In Autumn.

I want to go where the leaves are burning,
Burning in scarlet and gold;
The wind is up and my heart is turning
Again to the forest old.

I want to go where the leaves keep dropping,
Dropping in crimson and brown,
From dawn till dusk, not a moment stopping,
They are drifting, drifting down.

I want to go where the leaves are blowing,
Blowing in russet and red;
The brook, like a voice, through the silence flowing,
Still whispers of summer dead.

Yet, why go back where the leaves are falling,
Falling again on the hill?
Though woods await and the winds are calling,
Thy voice is forever still.

—Alice E. Allen in Ainslee's.

## THE EDGE OF THINGS

traveling man's wife met one day recently and were talking about the forgetfulness of their husbands.

The minister's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful man living, because he would go to church and forget his notes, and no one could make out what he was trying to preach about.

The doctor's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful, for he would often start out to see a patient and forget his medicine case and, therefore, travel miles for nothing.

"Well," said the traveling man's wife, "my husband beats that. He came home the other day and patted me on the cheek and said: 'I believe I have seen you before, little girl. What is your name?'"

"Long introductions when a man has a speech to make are a bore," says former Senator John C. Spooner. "I have had all kinds, but the most satisfactory one in my career was that of a German mayor of a small town in my state, Wisconsin.

"I was to make a political address, and the opera house was crowded. When it came time to begin the mayor got up.

"'Mine friends,' he said, 'I haf asked been to introduce Senator Spooner, who is to make a speech, yes. Vell, I haf dit so, und he vill now do so.'"

It was in the drawing room after dinner that they discussed an absent maiden friend's bad points with the usual grim and scathing glee. Having thoroughly dissected her personal appearance, they next paid attention to her mental shortcomings.

"She is a very singular girl," spoke the one.

"Yes, indeed," responded her companion, "but then that is not her fault, for I never saw a girl so anxious to be plural."

There was a sudden change in the wind, and the pastor of the Mount Zion chapel saw that some of his parishioners drew their wraps about their shoulders. He paused in his sermon.

"Brudder Wilding," he said, raising his voice and waking the old sexton from peaceful slumbers in the rear pew. "Brudder Wilding, be kind enough to close all de winders on de eas' side ob de church. De wind has come round, an' we cyan't afford to lose a single lamb from dis fold by carelessness, wid an outstanding debt on dis chapel an' two families moved out ob town."

Mother Alphonsa, the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, devotes her life to those afflicted with cancer. It is to her that New York owes its admirable Hawthorne Cancer Home.

At a recent meeting in aid of the home, Mother Alphonsa spoke of charity—a subject whereon, surely, no one could speak with more authority.

She said that too many people went in for cheap charity, that too many resembled a certain railroad president.

A manager came to this president and began:

"Old John Faithful's health has broken down. He had to leave last week. After his long service, I think, sir, we ought to do something for him, don't you? He's very poor."

"How long has John been with us?" asked the prtsident.

"Forty-seven years, sir."

"He always did his duty?"

"He never missed a day, sir."

"And now he's broken down completely, eh?"

"The chances are he'll never leave his bed," said the manager.

"The poor fellow," said the president. "We certainly must do something for him."

He turned to his secretary.

"Perkins," he said, "make out John Faithful a free pass for life."

Mary, 5 years old, and Stella, who was about the same age, were talking about their future dreams, says the Delineator.

"When I grow up," said Mary, "I'm going to be a school teacher."

"Well, I'm going to be a mother with four children," said Stella.

"Well, when they come to my school I'm going to whip them, whip them, whip them!"

"You mean thing!" said Stella, as the tears came into her eyes. "What have my poor children ever done to you?"

Many stories have been told of the ludicrous mistakes of orators. Here is one for which Governor Claude Swanson, of Virginia, is responsible:

In a small Virginia town a pompous negro was delivering a Fourth of July address to an audience of colored folks. He said:

"My colored fellow citizens: We have occasion to be proud of the Fourth of July. It was on the Fourth of July, 1776, that Christopher Columbus landed on Plymouth Rock and proclaimed freedom, liberty and independence to all mankind. And what was they doing down here in Virginia at that time? They had their feet on the black man's neck a-hollerin', 'Sick senter tyrannibus.'

"My colored fellow citizens, this is a great country. It is the proudest nation the sun ever shine upon. But if these Dimmercrats git into power here, they'll do like they done in Rome. Look at Rome. Once the proud master of the land and the mistress of the sea, which her once proud citizens, which was Caesar, Olympus, Demosthenes, and others too numerous to mention. Then these Dimmercrats got into power here and what is she today? Overrun by Greeks, Canadians and other savages."

One of the popular New England lecturers tells this old but always amusing story:

A street boy of diminutive stature was trying to sell some very young kittens to passers by. One day he accosted the late Rev. Phillips Brooks, asking him to purcahse, and recommending them as good Episcopal kittens. Dr. Brooks laughingly refused, thinking them too small to be taken from their mother. A few days later a Presbyterian minister who had witnessed this episode was asked by the same boy to buy the same kittens. This time the lad announced that they were faithful Presbyterians.

"Didn't you tell Dr. Brooks last week that they were Episcopal kittens?" the minister asked sternly.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy quickly, "but they's had their eyes opened since then, sir."

Mr. Green had been paying $4 a week for board; his appetite constantly increased. Finally his landlady saw that she must either sell out and quit or raise her boarder's rate. One day, after watching him feverishly devouring plateful after plateful, she plucked up courage and said:

"Mr. Green, I shall have to raise your board to $5."

Mr. Green looked up with a start; then, in a tone of consternation, he said:

"Oh, Mrs. Small, don't. It's as much as I can do now to eat $4 worth."

A rather elderly gentleman stepped on o Fifth avenue car in Pittsburg about 11 o'clock the other night and after giving the conductor explicit directions to wake him when the car reached Federal street, seated himself in a corner and was soon sound asleep. When he had ridden about half a dozen blocks beyond Federal street a sudden lurch of the car awakened him.

Rubbing his eyes, he looked out of the window, and seeing where he was, angrily accosted the conductor thus: "Conductor, why didn't you wake me up as I told you? Here I am a half-mile past my house."

"I did try, sir," responded the conductor, "but all I could get you to say was: 'All right, Mary; get the children their breakfast and I'll be down in a minute.'"

## Varieties

The average elevator in a large office building travels about 20 miles an hour.

The United States has the greatest variety of postage stamps.

The envelope was invented in 1833 and was in disfavor for a long time.

The voice of a man has been known to carry three miles through a twenty-foot trumpet.

A patent has been granted to a California man for a poison bottle with sides covered with sharp points.

While the great zoological garden of London has 1,821 birds, there are 2,208 in New York's Bronx zoological park.

One of the fastest growing cities in the world is Kobe, Japan. Its population increased from 190,000 to 360,000 in ten years.

Living in London is 40 per cent cheaper than in the large cities of the United States.

Out of every million letters that pass through the postoffice it is calculated that only one goes astray.

The cow tree of Venezuela is a natural dairy. Its sap is very similar to milk and is used as such by the natives.

A machine to cut grass where a lawn mower can not go, and at the same time trim the sod evenly, has been patented by an Indiana man.

Caleb Watts, of Lily Pad, Pa., who raises frogs for the market, gets the best results by feeding them on liver, corn meal and flies.

The transient hotel population of New York is figured at 250,000 people a day. The hotel properties are valued at over $80,000,000.

According to a recent report of the Smithsonian Institution, the mammoth was no larger than the elephant of the present day.

There are over fifty groups of Esperantists in the large towns and cities of Spain studying the new international language. Many business houses have adopted Esperanto for correspondence.

In a gram of street mud, equal to a cube of earth with sides of about a quarter of an inch, there are enough bacteria if placed in line, side by side, to cover 259.74 feet.

North Carolina has just acquired its first woman dentist, Mrs. D. Z. McGuire of Asheville, having obtained a license to practice from the North Carolina Dental Association.

Last year was a record breaker in the country's coke industry, 40,778,564 short tons being produced, nearly double the output of 1900, and more than three times that of 1897.

Mount Cameron, on the west coast of Africa, long regarded as an extinct volcano, was found to be still alive and in danger of eruption by a party of German explorers recently.

Mme. Dardelin, who recently died at Beaune at the age of 105, had been a widow for thirty-five years, and her last illness, which lasted four weeks, was the first she had ever had.

According to Pennsylvania's state zoologist, snakes are farmers' friends. Recently he added to his collection a copperhead, the digestive system of which was filled with locusts.

Investigation shows that the opium habit is growing in New York city, besides about six hundred Chinese who use the drug, there are five thousand white persons addicted to its use.

The Deutsche Medicinische Wochenschrift does not indorse the current notion that indulgence in athletic sports increases the tendency to appendicitis. Quite the contrary; but it admits that those who have once had an attack must avoid violent exercise for a time.

Mrs. Mary McGeehan, who was 105 last month, has lived on oatmeal all her life, and works about the farm at Brockagh, Donegal, Ireland, with her children and grandchildren. She is the widow of a tenant farmer and her faculties are practically unimpaired.

China is buying lumber from British Columbia. It is largely needed for railway construction, American lumber is shipped via Shanghai. On one day of the recent visit four full cargoes of Oregon pine arrived there, says the Canadian trade commissioner at Yokohama.

Miss Selma Lagerlof, besides being the most popular writer in Sweden, has just received an honorary degree from the University of Upsala. She is the first woman in Sweden to receive this distinction, and it is said to be only a matter of time, when she will get the Nobel prize.

A missionary deaconess in Liberia has edited in native dialect a book containing the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed the Doxology and a number of the best known hymns. The book is not only the first book published in the dialect but the first successful attempt to make it a written language.

Mrs. Emma Barry, of San Francisco, has just returned from a trip to the Arctic Circle, during which, it is asserted, she went farther north than any other white woman. She accompanied her husband prospecting for gold and after she lays in certain supplies she will rejoin him in Alaska.

To Bertha Schultz, a young dressmaker in Hamburg, Germany, $10,000 was bequeathed on condition that she never marries a man engaged in any intellectual occupation. She is already engaged to an accountant, and she and her fiance are now endeavoring to persuade the law that the work is purely mechanical.

Isaac Charles Johnson, the inventor of portland cement, is still living at Gravesend, England, and active, at the age of ninety-eight. He was born in the year 1810, when George III was king and Jefferson was president, and when Napoleon was at the zenith of his power. Mr. Johnson won an early career under difficulties, as his parents were poor.

Mrs. G. Meyer is responsible for the monument that has just been erected at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, to the memory of the horses that died during the Boer war. It cost upward of $5,000, and is in the shape of a stone watering trough, on the top of which is the figure of a bronze cavalryman giving a drink to his horse.

What is probably the highest restaurant in the world has been opened at the Eismeer station of the Jungfrau railway in Switzerland. It is situated 10,000 feet above the sea level, close to the summit of the mountain. The food is not cooked by means of ordinary fuel, but by electricity generated by the Lutschine waterfall, deep down in the valley below.

The great trees of California, it has been said, began life before the early dawn of Chinese history, and at the time of the deluge were older than the art of printing from type is today. Prof. Chaffee E. Bessey, however, contends that over 2,000 years is a great overestimate, actual ring count of a tree twenty-five feet in diameter having indicated only 1,147 years.

The state of North Carolina is one of the most notable in the Union for the production of gems, particularly the monds, emeralds, rubies, aquamarines, beryls, hiddenite, rhodolite, amethyst and remarkable rock crystals. These gems have been found mainly in the course of mining operations, although a few systematic searches for

# TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

1930—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with or without back yoke facing. A very neat model for any of the season's shirtings. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2363—Misses' Tucked Jumper, with a separate guimpe having long or three-quarter length sleeves. An excellent model for voile, taffetas, or surah silk. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2540—Girl's Dress, with a separate guimpe having long or three-quarter length sleeves. Challis, mohair, voile or lawn are all adaptable to this charming little model. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2558—Child's Dress, with lay-down or standing collar. A good model for heavy linen, lawn or any of the new flannel materials. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2247—Ladies' Seven-Gored Plaited Skirt, closing at left side of front, and in ankle length. A good model which will develop well in any material. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2125—Ladies' Seven-Gored Bell Skirt, in round or ankle length. Serge, mohair, cheviot or broadcloth are all adaptable to this stylish and neat model. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2549—Ladies' Corset-Cover, with front yoke. Madras, Persian or Victoria lawn and batiste are the most used for garments of this style. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2004—Infant's Underwear Set. Consisting of petticoat, pinning-blanket, diaper drawers and band. Fine lawn, batiste and flannel or flannelette are the best materials to make up this useful little set. One size.

2443—Misses' Tucked Shirt-Waist. Heavy linen, fine serge or madras are excellent materials for this model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2564—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with a removable shield, and sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wrist bands, and knickerbockers. Serge in dark blue, with a shield or white make this charming little model. 6 sizes—2 to 7 years.

2199—Ladies' Long Box-Coat. In any of the neat worsteds or waterproof satins. This may be worn as a touring or rain coat. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2559—Ladies' Shirt-Waist, with seamless yoke. Heavy linen, madras, flannel or serge are all adaptable to this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2418—Ladies' Tucked Shirt-Waist, with three-quarter length sleeves having a removable chemisette. A pretty model for white lawn, with turn-down collar, tie and cuffs of a contrasting material. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2381—Girl's and Child's Box-Plaited Coat in seven-eighths length. A pretty little model for serge or flannel. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

2137—Girls' Dress. The model here illustrated was developed in navy blue serge, with trimming bands of red plaid. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2495—Ladies' Thirteen-Gored Skirt. A good model which will develop well in almost any material. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2391—Misses' Nine-Gored Plaited Skirt. Mohair, serge, cheviot or broadcloth are good materials for this stylish model. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

2111—Ladies' Tucked Night Gown, with back yoke and long or three-quarter length sleeves. Nainsook, Persian or Victoria lawn, batiste, flannelette or flannel are the best materials for this neat model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2039—Misses' and Girls' Kimono, with body and sleeves in one. Flowered crêtonne was used in the development of this dainty little model. 5 sizes—9 to 17 years.

2078—Misses' Jumper Waist, with a separate yoke, guimpe having long or three-quarter length sleeves. Taffeta silk, with a guimpe of all-over lace makes this a charming little evening waist for the young girl. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2571—Ladies' One-Piece Work Apron, with or without ruffles, checked gingham, figured percale or linen are adaptable to this useful model. 3 sizes—small, medium and large.

2502—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Four-Button Cutaway Coat. In 37-inch length. Serge, cheviot or broadcloth are best suited to this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2495—Ladies' Dress in High or Low Neck, with Empire back and full or elbow mousquetaire sleeves. A very neat model for chiffon, broadcloth, serge or taffetas. This is a very neat model for afternoon or evening wear. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2336—Girls' Sailor Suit and Bloomers, consisting of a blouse, slipped on over the head. Bloomers joined to the underwaist, having a shield facing, and a separate gathered skirt. A good model for serge or linen. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

**Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.**

# MURRAY LASHES PROBERS

## "Your Work Must Be Improved," He Tells Examiners in Conference.

Washington, Spt. 21.—"I say to you emphatically that your work must be improved. Embezzlements have failed of discovery, defalcations and dishonesty have been concealed from you, and in many cases you have failed to correctly, or even approximately, estimate the value of the securities held by the bank."

This was the declaration made today by Comptroller of the Currency Lawrence O. Murray, in addressing the conference of national bank examiners, representing practically all of the territories east of Ohio.

With a view to radical improvement, Mr. Murray will hold a conference with the western examiners, probably at Chicago.

Today's discussion was along the lines of securing better methods. Mr. Murray, in his speech, said some of their reports to him indicated that examiners do not realize the obligations of the office and indicate hurried work; that the examiners should call upon a committee of two or three members of the board of directors to go over the discounts of the bank with the examiner; that the examiners must be ready to accept assignment anywhere in the United States, and that, if "you are unable to discover the true condition of a bank, do not send excuses; simply send in your resignation and your commission for cancellation."

# CAN'T STOP SKYSCRAPER

## New York Building Board Suggest Other Remedies.

New York, Sept. 16.—The commission appointed a year ago to investigate high buildings in New York city, and particularly on Manhattan island, is ready to submit the record of its work. The report points out that it is impossible to hold the height of buildings down to the present public fire protection service, because that would limit buildings to about 100 feet in height.

The best course in this respect, it is suggested, is the elimination of low wooden buildings, to be supplanted by buildings of the iron cage variety. It is said it might be reasonably expected restrictions could be made in the interest of light and air.

# MYSTERY VEILS TRAGEDY

## Monteclair, N. J., Iron Merchant Is Fatally Shot.

Montclair, N. J., Sept. 17.—John Leonard, a retired iron and steel merchant, was fatally shot under peculiar circumstances at his home here yesterday. Walker Phillips, Mr. Leonard's private secretary, found a revolver in the street with which Mr. Leonard met his death.

Phillips told the police his aged employer asked to see the revolver and that it exploded in his hand while he was examining it. The bullet entered his body over the heart.

Phillips, who is more than 50, was placed under arrest, though the police are inclined to credit his story. Mrs. Leonard and a nurse were in an adjoining room, and they say they heard no angry words.

# ASKS FOR $23,000 SALARY

## Bill Also Asks for Receiver for Big Firm.

Chicago, Sept. 16.—A bill was filed in the superior court in this city yesterday asking that a receiver be appointed for property in Illinois of the E. McIlhenny Canning & Manufacturing company, a $10,000,000 corporation engaged in the manufacture of tabasco sauce and in the oyster trade.

The bill was brought by William C. Titcomb, former western manager for the company. He charges that the company is insolvent and that it owes him $23,000 for salary and other accounts. The declaration in the case sets forth that the company has not for some time paid and is not able to pay the interest on an indebtedness of $690,000 which is secured by $1,000,000 five per cent bonds.

The complainant alleges that on July 1, 1905, he signed a contract with the company to act as its manager in the central states for five years at a salary of $500 a month; that on July 30, 1908, Edward McIlhenny, president of the company, asked him to sign a new contract which he refused to do, whereupon he was discharged; that on June 1, 1908, through George W. Young, of New York, its fiscal agent, the company borrowed $350,000 and that its total indebtedness amounts to twice that sum.

# ALVA WARD ELECTROCUTED

## Grandson of British Commander Killed in Alameda.

Alameda, Cal., Sept. 16.—Alva C. Ward, a nephew of Sir Edward Packenham, who died four years ago, and a grandson of the British commander who was defeated by General Andrew Jackson at New Orleans, was electrocuted last night when he attempted to remove a wire that had been blown down by the wind. For twenty minutes his body writhed on the ground while efforts were made to have the power turned off. Ward was well known as a yachtsman.

# LIVES TWICE IN PERIL

## Fireburg Makes Two Attempts to Burn Down a New York Flat.

New York, Sept. 16.—The lives of more than one hundred persons were twice imperiled when an incendiary attempted to burn a big five-story flat house in West 120th street.

The first blaze was extinguished easily, but had it not been for the presence of mind of Margaret Raubert, eight years old, the second fire might have caused a stampede among the sleeping dwellers in the house. Through a plate-glass panel in the apartment of her parents on the second floor she saw a man start a blaze in the vacant rooms across the hall.

Instead of screaming she ran on tiptoe to her father's bedside and told him the house was afire.

Evidently the man heard Raubert leap from his bed, for he took to the stairs and escaped.

Failing to receive the sum of $2,000 they had demanded of Santa Reda, a well-to-do real estate dealer, blackmailers for the fourth time in a month sought early today to kill him and his family by setting fire to his home in the upper part of the city. Extraordinary measure were taken to prevent their escape, including the wiring of all the outside doors of the home. All the family must have perished if a neighbor had not discovered the fire and summoned the firemen.


# Pianos On Credit

## 30 Days' Free Trial—No Money Down

This concern, with a combined capital of $1,000,000, wants to send you its wonderful Piano Book. We sell pianos from $144.50 up, and guarantee a saving of at least $100. We ask no money down. We ship the piano, and let you use it a month, before you decide to buy. Compare it with others—compare our prices with others. If you find it the best bargain you ever saw, take two years to pay for it—a little each month. Otherwise, send it back. (

Don't buy a piano without seeing this book, for this is the largest concern of its kind in the world. We have 450,000 customers. Write us a postal today and simply say "Send your Piano Book."

Siegel, May, Stern Co., 1422 35th Street, Chicago


# UNCLE SAM'S COAL BILL IS REDUCED BY ADMIRAL SPERRY

Washington, Sept. 17.—Admiral Sperry, commander of the Atlantic fleet, according to estimates made at the navy department, will have saved $75,000 in coal consumption of the Atlantic fleet by the time the fleet reaches the east coast of the United States from its voyage around the world.

A cablegram received by the navy department today from Admiral Sperry requests the department to reduce by 5,000 tons his original estimate of the coal necessary for the fleet on the voyage from Manila to Hampton Roads. On the voyage from Hampton Roads to San Francisco a system of competition in the engine room forces of the various battleships was instituted. This competition resulted in saving 1,500 tons on the trip, and was continued across the Pacific.

The navy department will ask congress for an appropriation of $2,500 for prizes to be distributed among the engineroom force of the ships showing special economy and efficiency in coal consumption.

# WRIGHT COMPANION DEAD

## Ohioan's Aeroplane Crashes to Earth and Lieut. Selfridge Is Killed.

Washington, Sept. 18.—In the presence of thousands of spectators the aeroplane of Orville Wright, of Dayton, O., crashed to the earth yesterday afternoon, totally destroying itself, seriously injuring the inventor, and killing Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, the aviator's companion in the flight.

Lying in the Fort Myer hospital with fractured thigh and ribs, Wright is making a manly fight for recovery.

**Injured Man Improving.**

Through the night there was much anxiety over the injured aviator's condition, but as dawn broke and no indications of internal injuries developed, and as the attending surgeon, after a call, announced he was doing well, there was great relief expressed among those who were watching the progress of the patient. Wilbur Wright, the brother of Orville, who is at Le Mans, France, was notified today of the latter's improvement.

The catastrophe occurred at 5:20 o'clock, after the machine had been in the air about six minutes. The fall was from a height of betweeen 125 and 150 feet. A blade of the port propeller broke as the air craft was rounding to what may be termed the home stretch of the course. The machine was so sharply tilted to port to make the turn safely that when the propeller blade broke the whole force of the starboard propeller was exerted to increase the angle of incidence.

**Machine Plunges Downward.**

Although Wright stopped the motor within two seconds of the time the port propeller gave way the machine lost its equilibrium, turned partly over and plunged downward with the left end of its long broadside planes in an almost perpendicular position.

When the machine lost its equilibrium Wright and Selfridge were thrown from their seats. Being without support of any kind the two aviators reached the ground first.

The wreckage fell on them, pinning them fast to the ground in such a way that the artilleryman received mortal injuries both at the base of the brain and on his forehead. His skull was fractured at the base of the brain. A taut wire was driven back into his brain just above the eyes. He died at 8:10 last evening without having regained consciousness.

The inventor's landing was more fortunate. His left thigh and several ribs on his right side were broken. He was conscious when the wreckage of the machine was lifted away. His first concern was for Lieutenant Selfridge.

**First Thought of Companion.**

"Get Selfridge out," he said to the rescuers. "Keep fire away from this gasoline."

He referred to the fluid coming from the broken tank. Then his face became frightfully pale from the intense pain of his broken thigh, but he did not lose consciousness.

Dr. Watters, a New York physician, was one of the first to reach the spot and rendered first aid to the injured men. When their wounds had been bandaged Wright and Lieut. Selfridge were taken to the Fort Myer hospital at the other end of the field. It was feared that Wright was suffering from internal injuries. He had lapsed into a state of semi-consciousness by the time he reached the hospital.

**Machine Rises 100 Feet.**

After gliding over the ground on its runners for thirty feet, the machine rose gradually and had gained a height of forty feet when it passed over the starting apparatus for the first time. There was a six-mile wind and it was noticed that the machine did not run as smoothly as on its former flights, most of which were made in calm weather. The aeroplanist, however, apparently had control of the aerial flyer, which rose to a height of over 100 feet as it completed the second round of the field. This height was maintained on the third round. While the machine was turning at the southern end of the field, several thousand feet from the spectators some one shouted:

"What is it? Something fell."

Immediately all eyes were on the aeroplane, and it was seen to turn over on its side and, pausing a moment, make almost a complete turn and then come swooping to the earth in a cloud of dust. No effort on the part of the aviator could possibly have averted the accident. Planes or rudders were absolutely incapable of righting the machine when it had turned in that manner.

Several officers who were standing around the starting apparatus ordered the mounted soldiers over to the wreck, but spectators, soldiers, officers and newspaper men were already rushing across the field. It was fully a minute before anyone reached the tangled mass. The mounted soldiers formed a cordon around the wreckage, while others frenziedly endeavored to lift the heavy machinery and wood that pinioned Wright and Selfridge to the ground.

**Pinned Under Wreckage.**

Piece after piece of the wooden framework was broken off, as a half dozen men endeavored to free the injured men. As soon as they could he extricated they were taken to one side and physicians from the crowd of spectators went to their aid. Their clothes were loosened and their wounds bandaged. Attendants from the post hospital hastened across the field to the place where the machine lay and as soon as possible Mr. Wright and Lieut. Selfridge were laid on stretchers and carried to the hospital.

The belief was expressed by a sergeant of the signal corps that the aeroplane had been tampered with previous to its flight, but this is improbable because the machine had been closely guarded while at the fort. It was housed in a specially constructed shed and a guard kept strangers away day and night. The suggestion of foul play is discredited by all those acquainted with the methods of safeguarding the machine.

Nothing has been heard at Fort Myer from Lieutenant Selfridge's father in San Francisco or his mother and brother, who are supposed to be in Boston. Until word is received from the family, the body of the unfortunate officer will remain at the Fort Myer hospital.

**May Hold Autopsy.**

It is possible that an autopsy will be held to determine whether his death was due to the fracture at the base of the skull or from some other injury.

By direction of the war department, a stake has been driven where Selfridge fell with a view to some time erecting a monument to his memory.

Officers of the aeronautical board today began at Fort Myer a formal investigation of the accident.

Following an interview with Wright today, Mechanic Taylor, who has been Wright's assistant for over eight years, talked of plans for building a new machine.

"The motor is intact," said Taylor. "Of course, the rest of the machine is a total wreck. The greatest loss to Mr. Wright is the fact that he will be unable to do anything this winter. While it would take only a few hundred dollars to replace the aeroplane, provided the motor is in good condition, the loss of opportunity to make further flights and secure the $25,000 from the United States government will seriously impede Mr. Wright.

# UNCLE SAM RAISES WAGES

## Government Printers' Scale to Be Raised Oct. 1.

Washington, Sept. 21.—An increase from 50 cents to 60 cents an hour in the pay of linotype and monotype operators at the government printing office will be put into effect October 1. Notice to that effect was posted today.

# BIG FORTUNE MISSING

## Receiver for A. O. Brown Brokerage Company, Looking for $1,800,000.

New York, Sept. 18.—Considerable heat was developed in the examination into the affairs of the failed firm of A. O. Brown & Co., stock brokers, before United States Commissioner Alexander yesterday, over inquiries as to the disposition or present whereabouts of the greater portion of a lot of 1,800 bonds of $1,000 each of the Whitney-Stephenson company.

Daniel P. Hays, counsel for Receiver Littlefield, could get neither Edward F. Buchanan nor A. O. Brown, partners of the firm, to say whether the bonds were in possession of the firm on April 4. Buchanan finally said the firm at one time had held some Whitney bonds, but he did not know what became of them. Some were sold, and some were placed in a vault, but where he did not know.

**Threatened the Witness.**

Mr. Hays threatened to make application to the court to punish the witness for contempt unless he changed his method of answering. Asked if the bonds were transferred to Mrs. Young, mother of L. G. Young, a member of A. O. Brown & Co., Mr. Buchanan said he could not recollect.

The No. 500 account, which was alleged to have been responsible for the failure of the firm, was drawn into the examination.

"Why was it opened for Mr. Whitney?" Mr. Buchanan was asked. "Did you not know he was a bankrupt?"

"He said he was fixing things up so as to pay his indebtedness," was Mr. Buchanan's answer.

**Mother Loaned $300,000.**

Mr. Young said he had put $50,000 in cash into the firm when he became a partner in it, and had added $25,000 later. His mother, he said, had made them a loan of $300,000 upon the solicitation of A. O. Brown, Buchanan and himself.

Mr. Young's mother, sister of George Ahrens, of the America Tobacco company, was a party to a syndicate with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Ahrens, Mr. Young said. Each put in $250,000, the syndicate being known as the Whitney syndicate, and he added that $100,000 worth of Mrs. Young's bonds were returned to her on August 24.

# KIDNAPS INDIAN CHILDREN

## Unique Method to Obtain Uncle Sam's $167.

Washington, Sept. 21.—The Indian bureau has undertaken to prevent the continuance of alleged abuse in the manner of procuring Indian children for attendance at non-reservation Indian schools, by issuing circulars prohibiting the schools from sending canvassers to the reservations to secure business.

The government allows $167 per year for every Indian attending those schools, and there has been much rivalry among them in procuring pupils. Many of the canvassers have carried children off at night in order to prevent the required examination.

# SIX CRUSHED TO DEATH

## Train Runs Over Section Crew at Martindon, Ill.

Kankakee, Ills., Sept. 16.—Six men were killed yesterday when a Chicago & Eastern Illinois local train struck a hand car at Martindon, Ills., near here. The handcar had been switched to another track to allow a fast train to pass. All were section hands. The dead:

Section Foreman John Des Rales.
William Landry.
Four Italians, names unknown.

The accident was not discovered by the train crew until they reached the next station, half a mile distant, when parts of four bodies were found upon the pilot of the engine.


**Valuable Homes Free.**

A Homestead in Mexico is given absolutely free to those who will have five acres planted with 1,000 banana trees within five years. Bananas begin bearing in one year and pay a profit of $300 per acre. The Department of Improvement will do this work without you going to Mexico, and will care for your trees and market your bananas for as many years as you desire, for one-third of the crop, you getting about $200 per acre for your two-thirds. The total cost of banana trees and planting and attending to them until they are fully matured will not exceed $150 for the five acres, and you can pay in installments as low as $5 a month, so there is no excuse for being homeless. Many ladies, as well as men, are taking up Homesteads. It does not interfere with your regular employment, and your five-acre banana orchard will bring you an income of $1,00 a year as long as you live. You can obtain literature and full particulars by addressing the Jantha Plantation Co., Block II, Pittsburg, Pa., the literature printed in English, regarding free Homesteads in Mexico being distributed from Pittsburgh.


# TO FIGHT CASTRO

## Dutch Agent Is in New York Recruiting Legion for War With Venezuela.

New York, Sept. 17.—In expectation of war between Holland and Venezuela a force is being recruited in the United States to act as secret service agents for Holland in Veneguela until the outbreak of trouble and then to take the lead in a "foreign legion" movement against the Castro forces.

This is by P. F. Joubert, of Johannesburg, South Africa, who is at the Hotel Astor, and who sought to obtain candidates for service through an advertisement in the newspapers as follows:

"Adventurous young Americans!—Write me if willing to go to sub-tropical country; dangerous service; well, bred, ablebodied men of military training desired; all found; letters only."

**Answer to Inquiry.**

The answer that came to one letter of inquiry about the advertisement was in part:

"Dear Sir: We have looked up your record to some extent and believe you qualify to take a leading part in our simple plan. To date it is simple. Mr. P. F. Joubert, Hotel Astor, New York, is a Boer veteran and is acting with a group of Dutch gentlemen of wealth and force who are seeking men in America and other countries to send to Venezuela via West Indian routes. These men are for two purposes:

"First—Some fifty men of high mental ability and physical bravery, to be scattered all through Venezuela and the outlying island ports for purposes of gathering information.

**A Foreign Legion.**

"Second—When trouble breaks out, as we have reason to suppose, it will be necessary to organize a foreign legion. The men who organize it will command it. There is no remuneration to offer until such time as matters have come to a head, and you are not asked to give more time or effort than you choose to expend."

**Events of Importance.**

Caracas, Venezuela, Saturday, Sept. 12.—The sudden departure for Trinidad this week of Sir Vincent Corbett, British minister resident at Caracas, is an event to which the greatest importance has been attached in this capital, because it immediately followed the meeting between President Castro and this diplomat at Barquisimeto two weeks ago. It is generally believed in Caracas that the warlike preparations of Holland, with the consequent danger to Great Britain and Germany that any use of force would finally result in the readjustment of the payment of Venezuela's foreign obligations, has brought these two nations together in a common interest to preserve the status quo in Venezuela. It is an assured fact that Baron Von Seckendorf, the German minister, who is in charge of Dutch interests, will do everything possible to avoid the necessity of Holland making use of the warships which are hurriedly being sent out to Venezuelan waters.

# NEARING CALAMITY STAGE

## Alarming Conditions Found in 30 Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia Cities.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 19.—A drouth, unbroken for more than two months, is fast assuming serious proportions in western Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio and West Virginia. A representative of the Associated Press has visited more than thirty cities in the tri-state district and conditions of an alarming nature were found.

At night raging forest fires light up miles of territory, while thousands of persons are doing everything to check the flames. Prayers for rain are offered at meetings. The beds of a majority of the smaller streams are being used as wagon roads. At a number of places along the Ohio and West Virginia shores of the Ohio river there is no sign of water.

**Steamer on Gravel Bed.**

Near Marietta, O., the large steamboat Tornado, with a tow of barges, for Pittsburg, is lying on a bed of gravel in the middle of what was the river. At many points small streams of water extend a few yards from either shore, and boys, after having crossed these, can be seen playing ball in the middle of the Ohio river.

Telegraph and telephone companies having cables crossing the river are busily digging trenches in the river bed so the cables can be placed out of sight.

Many industries along the river are suspended because there is no water for power purposes, and many others will be idle unless rain falls soon.

It is said of the streams now dry that it is the first time in 50 years that such a condition has existed.

**Coal Famine Threatens.**

In the Pittsburg harbor there are between fifteen and twenty million bushels of coal ready to be shipped to points south and west of this city. Unless this fuel reaches its destination before the snow comes, much suffering will result from coal famine. The great mass of coal has almost exhausted the supply of barges here and the probabilities are many of the river coal mines, employing over 15,000 miners, will be compelled to suspend operation.

In many communties water is being sold by the gallon. To prevent an epidemic of disease the health authorities are flushing streams in the Pittsburg district and coating the bed and banks with lime.

**Whole Pennsylvania Dry.**

Practically the entire state of Pennsylvania, east of the Alleghany mountains, is suffering from one of the worst drouths in years. In some parts no rain has fallen in more than two months, rivers and streams are so low that many industries have been interfered with, and in some instances plants have been shut for the lack of water. Forest fires are burning in several sections, and some localities report that crops will be ruined unless rain comes soon.

At Shenandoah, in the anthracite coal regions, the water supply is so low that farmers are bringing water instead of vegetables to the residents in the town, as there is more profit in hauling water than peddling produce. Water sells at eight cents a gallon, and many are compelled to walk three and four miles to get a supply even at that price. Several coal mines in that region have been closed because of lack of water to run the power plants.

At Duncannon, near Harrisburg, the Susquehanna river is lower than it has been in more than 100 years. In September, 1874, the river was lower than it had been since 1803, and a stone in the Susquehanna, opposite Duncannon, was marked and dated. Yesterday the stone showed that the river is now ten inches below that mark.

In Philadelphia, the Schuykill river is lower than it has been at any time since 1869 and canal boats are stranded.

# TOWNS ARE IN DANGER

## Smouldering Fires Break Out Anew in Upper Peninsula.

Calumet, Mich., Sept. 17.—Ahmeek, a populous mining town five miles north of here, is threatened again with destruction. Reports today say forest fires have broken out afresh and if wind arises widespread damage is certain. People have packed their belongings and are ready to leave. A few miles further north Ojibway is experiencing anxiety, fires being near the mining location. The Calumet and Hecla and Tamarack Mining companies have men fighting the fires near their pumping plants on the Lake Superior shore, five miles northwest of here.

A special from Houghton, Mich., says forest fires extending over sixty miles of timber land have broken out again in Houghton and Kewanaw counties. The fires are still five miles from Houghton. A thick pall of smoke hanging over the copper country has made navigation on Portage Lake difficult.

A special from Menominee, Mich., says: After smouldering for a week the forest fires north of Green Bay and extending as far as Marinette and Menominee have broken out afresh, and mills and lumber yards which were considered out of danger from the flames are again threatened. At Hermansville, Menominee county, three hundred fire drilled employes of the Wisconsin Land & Lumber Co. beat back the flames which twice attacked the yards of the company."

# RAIN FLOODS GALVESTON

## Six and Half Inch Fall in Ten Hours Submerges Streets.

Galveston, Texas, Sept. 18.—A six and one-half inch rainfall inside of ten hours caused the streets in the business section of this city to be flooded yesterday afternoon, the wind reaching a velocity of 62 miles an hour. No damage was done here.


# AFRAID TO EAT

**Girl Starving on Ill-Selected Food.**

"Several years ago I was actually starving," writes a Me. girl, "yet dared not eat for fear of the consequences.

"I had suffered from indigestion from overwork, irregular meals and improper food, until at last my stomach became so weak I could eat scarcely any food without great distress.

"Many kinds of food were tried, all with the same discouraging effects. I steadily lost health and strength until I was but a wreck of my former self.

"Having heard of Grape-Nuts and its great merits, I purchased a package, but with little hope that it would help me—I was so discouraged.

"I found it not only appetizing but that I could eat it as I liked and that it satisfied the craving for food without causing distress, and if I may use the expression, 'it filled the bill.'

"For months Grape-Nuts was my principal article of diet. I felt from the very first that I had found the right way to health and happiness, and my anticipations were fully realized.

"With its continued use I regained my usual health and strength. Today I am well and can eat anything I like, yet Grape-Nuts food forms a part of my bill of fare." "There's a Reason."

Name given vy Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

**Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.**


# HITCHCOCK TO REMAIN

## Stories of Change in Republican Campaign Tactics Found Groundless.

**"Do not be disturbed by publication with reference to your management of the campaign, or statements of an intention to supplant you in control. The presence of Senator Crane here gave rise to inferences which I attempted to deprecate. I have every confidence in you, and in the success of your management, and I welcome the assistance, as you do, of Senator Crane and of the committee, but you are in supreme control."—Statement by Judge W. H. Taft, made public today.**

Chicago, Sept. 21.—Senator Crane, of Massachusetts, today made a statement which effectually disposed of the widely published story that his visit to western headquarters of the Republican national committee presages a reorganization and the subordination of Chairman Hitchcock's authority to that of other Republican leaders. Senator Crane dictated the following.

"I came here at the special request of Chairman Hitchcock, with whom I am, as a member of the advisory committee, associated, and who wished to consult with me regarding the campaign. Mr. Taft, whom I recently met at Cincinnati, expressed himself as being thoroughly satisfied with Chairman Hitchcock's management of the campaign.

**Unworthy of Notice.**

To a representative of the Associated Press, Senator Crane characterized the rumor that Mr. Taft is dissatisfied with the management of the campaign as being unworthy of notice. He said, however, that in view of the various stories printed he anticipated being questioned by representatives of the press and he had decided therefore to issue a brief formal statement.

Senator Crane will return to his home in Massachusets tomorrow, and Chairman Hitchcock will return to the New York headquarters, where he has a number of important engagements for Wednesday.

In referring to the general criticism that the Republican managers have been slow in getting the campaign started, Chairman Hitchcock said that the plans being followed were agreed upon several weeks ago, at which time it was announced that the general speaking campaign would not begin until October 1. He declared that all of the members of the executive committee in the east and west had agreed that this was a wise policy, and that they had seen no reason to change their minds. That there would be a period of impatience was foreseen by the Republican managers, said Mr. Hitchcock, and it created no surprise or consternation at this time. The chairman said the campaign would go on as originally planned.

**Explains the Delay.**

Elaborating upon the apparent inactivity of the campaign Mr. Hitchcock dealt with conditions in various states which had late primaries or conventions. He called attention to the fact that Michigan has not yet had its convention, and that there is a conference in West Virginia tonight between the two opposing Republican factions which named candidates for the governorship, to decide upon a candidate who will be acceptable to both sides. If consideration is given to these conditions, he said, no fault will be found with the fact that the opening of the national campaign has been delayed.

Apparently the story that there is to be a change in the management of the campaign and that Chairman Hitchcock is to be subordinated in authority, although remaining nominally at the head of the committee, originated from the announcement that Senator Crane would visit the western headquarters in this city, and the fact that he had been in conference with Mr. Taft in Cincinnati.

**Crane Meets Hitchcock.**

The truth of the case is that Senator Crane arrived in Chicago today because he was requested by Mr. Hitchcock to meet him here at this time. The real purpose of the senator's visit is the financial end of the campaign work. Senator Crane is a member of the advisory committee appointed by Chairman Hitchcock to consider ways and means.

Chairman Hitchcock arrived in Chicago at 8:30 today, and met a number of men identified with the management of the western campaign. Mr. Hitchcock has been confronted with complaints that there has not been sufficient activity. These criticisms have been difficult to meet for the reason, he said, that he could not take the public into his confidence concerning all matters being handled at national headquarters.

**The Doubtful States.**

It has been Mr. Hitchcock's belief that nothing could be accomplished by pouring ammunition directly into a state campaign when there is conflict going on over some local issue that entirely overshadowed the national issues.

Practically all of Mr. Hitchcock's advisers agreed that it would be the proper policy to settle these state quarrels before opening the national campaign, and it so happened that it was in the states regarded as doubtful that these conflicts have been carried on.

There will be plenty of noise in the campaign within another week to suit everybody, Mr. Hitchcock said today. He refused to be ruffled by the criticisms of his conduct of the campaign.

# NO CRITICISM OF HITCHCOCK

## Candidate Taft Satisfied With Work of the National Chairman.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 21.—The adjustment of the Foraker situation, the departure of Senator Crane last night for Chicago, and the absence of any important political callers today, leaves Candidate Taft an opportunity which he declared he should make the most of, to work further on his speeches for the forthcoming trip. He will spend little if any time at his office today.

It was reiterated here today that the call of the executive and advisory committees of the Republican national committee into greater activity meant simply that these committees would arise to the great amount of work to be done and for which they were called into existence.

Judge Taft has again emphasized what he has been free to state previously that he has no criticism to make of Mr. Hitchcock, but regards the work done by the national chairman as efficient and effective.

It has been stated positively that no change is to be made either in Mr. Hitchcock's work or his status, but that the increased duties of the various committees is demanded by the greater work required of the organization from this time on.

Preparations are perfecting for the convention on Tuesday of the National League of Republican clubs, at which William H. Taft, Rev. John Wesley Hill, of New York, and President John Hays Hammond will be the speakers.

Headquarters for the league have been opened in the Sinton hotel. H. D. Davis, Ohio state organizer, said that 39 Ohio cities and towns would be represented.

# FIRES CELL TO END LIFE

## Woman Prisoner Destroys Cass County, W. Va., Jail.

Grafton, W. Va., Sept. 19.—The jail at Cass, Pocahontas county, was partly destroyed by fire yesterday, and Mary Tysing, colored, the only prisoner, was burned to death. Her charred body was found on the bunk of her cell. It is believed the woman started the fire to end her life. She was in custody on a charge of shooting her husband, Moses Tysing.


**LADIES** "DR. SOUTHINGTON" positively guarantees his concentrated Semi Vegetable EPSO-KOLO "Monthly" Compound. Safely RELIEVES some of the longest, most obstinate abnormal cases in THREE to FIVE days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Price $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. "LADIES BOOKLET" FREE. Buy of your druggist or write. DR. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Dept. 10, Kansas City, Mo.

**MARRY** Wealth and Beauty. Handsome Directory Free. For when married—new plan. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 44 Tekonsha, Mich.

**MARRY RICH** Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed). Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

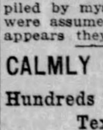
**AGENTS** PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 296—31 W. Adams St., Chicago.

**Would You Marry** If Suited? Matrimonial paper with advertisements marriageable people, many rich, from all sections, mailed sealed free. D.G.Gunnels, Toledo, O.

**HELP WANTED:** Opportunity for ten more students, bookmen, to sell Webster's New 1908 Dictionary. Salaried positions open for competent men and women. Address, with full particulars, The Saalfield Publishing Company, Akron, Ohio.

**WHY SUFFER?** A great many diseases are caused from a disordered stomach. I have a safe and sure cure for all disorders of stomach, purely vegetable, will not injure the most delicate. Ten days' treatment $1. Two weeks' treatment $2. All letters of inquiry containing stamp answered. Address D. Adair, Lusk, Wyo.

**LEARN** to make new and resilver old mirrors. $5 A DAY easily made at home or travelling. Stamp brings sample and advice. Magnatone Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



**AGENTS** My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 50c. size, postpaid. DR. LYONS, 170 Day St., Pekin, Ill.

**AGENTS** Get Ready Now For HOLIDAY Rush. Our New Soap and Toilet Combination Box and Special Shampoo Set have proved Great Big Winners for Agents, you can easily make 5 to $10 a day. Particulars free. Write today. E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO., 516 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

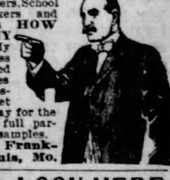
**MAKE MONEY** Selling Campaign Novelties. We will send a Song Book, Fob and Button (any candidate), with price list and catalogue, for 15 cts. The Wheeler Supply Co., Hornell, N. Y.

WOMAN'S RELIEF cures all female complaints; 10 days' treatment free if testimonials. Lady agents wanted. Dept. 22. Relief Remedy Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

**TEN** Beautiful New York Postcards, 5 cents. T. EDDY, 535 West 46th St., New York.

TOBACCO APPETITE absolutely destroyed. No worry. No drugs. Complete directions 25 cents. ÆGIS CO., 150 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

**I POINT THE WAY**



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# HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

## MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

Only the rays of God can cure the heart,
Purge it of evil; there's no other way
Except to turn with the whole heart to God.

MONDAY

Dear Father, Thou hast sent Thy Son
To teach us what is right,
And may we all be following
His blessed, guiding light.
He taught us how to rightly live,
Life's happiness to find,
By following the Golden Rule
And always being kind.

TUESDAY.

Cheer up! There are sunny days in store for you, even if you are in the midst of clouds now. The sun is always in its place, but the clouds appear and disappear. Let the sun of faith shine on your troubles, and see how quickly they will melt away.

WEDNESDAY.

You cannot give your children a more auspicious inheritance with which to begin life than the memory of a happy home, a sunshiny childhood.

THURSDAY.

If you wish to be happy, the street to live on is Thanksgiving street.

FRIDAY.

The worst foe to human peace and happiness is anxiety of mind.

SATURDAY.

In ourselves the sunshine dwells;
In ourselves the music swells;
Everywhere the heart awake
Finds what pleasure it can make.

## HAVE A LITTLE FAITH

In all our relations with humanity life goes much more like a song if we have faith in people and faith in those we call our friends. The germ of suspicion develops into a virulent disease, and one who is doubtful and suspicious forsakes happy relations with friends and with people in general.

Although we may be deceived a dozen times this is not sufficient reason for losing faith in our kind. There are many who are true, and while we may have been unfortunate in our friendships it often happens that in ourselves we may find the blame.

Friendship is the sunshine of life, but to be friends does not mean that from the one we hold dear as a friend we have the right to demand exclusive devotion, or to make arbitrary demands upon her time and attention. Our friend—your friend—has a right to other friends, if she chooses, and in the craving to be the only one lies the cause through which many friendships are broken. If your friend is sufficient unto you it does not always follow that you are sufficient unto her. It is largely a matter of temperament whether one desires a single friend or many.

If you have reason to believe you have a good friend, one who will stand by you through "thick and thin," hold fast to that belief, and if she does not let you know of her every movement, or "tell all" concerning her affairs, still believe her your friend and never ask for explanations. To ask for explanations is an implied doubt of your friend a suspicion that she has interests in which you are not included. Well, what if she has? That is her right, as it is your own.

The feeling of ownership should never enter a friendship. To take possession of another; to demand that you and you alone shall be the only one she calls friend is a form of tyranny which will not long be endured. Mothers submit to tyranny from their children, and submit to it with love unbroken, but mothers, in the great majority, are nearer to the angels than any who people the earth.

To love your friend better than yourself is to sacrifice personal feelings, and, being assured she is your friend, in the best term the word implies, permit no fancied hurt, no jealousy, no desire to hold her exclusively for your own, and, more than all else, no suspicion of her fidelity.

If anything happens you do not understand take it for granted it is all right, and sooner or later you are sure to know it is "all right," so far as your friendship is concerned.

Women are frequently accused of being incapable of real friendship. Petty jealousies intervene, quarrels about nothing arise to disturb the intimacy, and loyalty wavers when the one hears gossip or slander of the other. Friendship which can be so easily shaken is not based upon a firm foundation. It is merely a flimsy affair which goes to pieces at the least provocation.

In contradiction to this, I have in mind a wman who is loyal to the heart to her friends, and she has many. No word of derogation is permitted to be spoken in her presence of those she numbers with her friends. She asks no explanations, and does not expect to give any, and those she takes for her friends love and trust her beyond measure.

Have a little faith in your friends and those who are your associates. As you sow, so shall you reap. Faith is strong only when we are strong. It shrinks when we shrink from believing.

ELIZABETH AYRES.

## THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine long the way.

VERSES FROM CALIFORNIA

The following lines were made up by C. M. J., of California, while she was picking up plums and every bone was aching from the unaccustomed exercise:

My dear old woman what are you doing,
Bending so low and touching the ground?
It looks as if you were diligently persuing,
Something important that must be found.

Indeed, kind sir, you're not far in your guessing,
For fruit that is ripest will first tumble down,
My duty it is for it to be searching;
So mellow and sweet, 'tis too good for the ground.

But what of the bruise, it took in its falling,
Will that not hinder its God-given purpose,
Will it not hinder its rightful calling?
Will it be useful, do you suppose?

That is why I go so diligently hunting
Along to find every single one,
For while fresh is the bruise, a slight off-cutting,
Will still make some very excellent jam.

THE WEEK'S WASH.

After reading the good suggestions by Mrs. North I wondered if she would feel at all offended if I should point out an improvement in her way of doing the week's wash. Her own ideas were so good and helpful that I am sure she will welcome a way in which much strength and energy may be saved.

Why rub the clothes at all before boiling them? Just put your boiler on, dissolve the soap in a pail of water, and, after putting in the clothes and a sufficient amount of cold water, containing the dissolved soap, let it come to a boil, and then rub, rinse in clear water, then in bluing water. By doing this way a large washing can be ready for the line and the clothes as spotless as could be desired.

If any of the good sisters are shocked to hear of this method, let them write and tell us their way. A good, warm argument on any subject is what makes the department interesting.—Frances Adelle.

SUGGESTED BY "SOMEBODY'S DEARIE"

Sometime ago I promised to come in and tell you how I managed a house without a husband. Although I am not so fortunate—or unfortunate—as to have a husband, there is a man in the case. I am keeping house for my uncle. We live on a farm, and I have full charge of horse cows and poultry.

I wish I could get all the sisters who so closely observe Monday as washday to try my plan of Tuesday instead. I know Sunday is considered, and should be, a day of rest, but how many housewives get thoroughly rested on that day? There are visitors, usually, then the parlor is put out of order, extra dishes and silverware are used, and extra clothes are soiled. My Monday's work is to polish those dishes and put them away, brush and clean the clothes, and give the house a thorough cleaning all over. Then I prepare two tubs of water in which I have put a small amount of washing powder. The white clothes I put in to soak over night, and all the colored clothes that will bear putting in clear cold water, without the powder, I put in another tub. Tuesday morning, by 9 or 10 o'clock at the latest, I have a large washing on the line, tubs and buckets all washed and put away, and time left to take a nice rest before dinner time.

Try my plan once before pronouncing judgment against it.—Somebody's Dearie.

INQUIRY.

C. H. S. wants to know if some one will tell her how to get rid of fleas. She says, "I have a half-grown bob-tailed kitten, and I have tried everything that can be put on a cat, but cannot get rid of them. The kitten is so playful, and as I live alone in the old home where I was born, we must have something to pet, but deliver us from the fleas."

I hope someone may be of assistance in this matter. I feel sorry for the kitty and for its mistress.—Ed.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

We have had so many answers to the inquiry about making elderberry wine, that, in order not to show partiality, we have taken for publication the one which arrived first. The others that have come in are none the less appreciated. Prompt responses to inquiries add to the interest of the page. The recipe is as follows:

To one gallon of juice add three gallons of water, three pounds of sugar to each gallon. Boil 20 minutes. When cool, toast a piece of bread, and cover with good yeast. Lay it on top the wine and let it stand three days. Skim, put in cask with a pound of raisins to each gallon. Let stand for nine days, slightly corked. Then close tight for three months, when it is fit for use.

I believe, after all, it will be a good plan to publish another of the elderberry wine recipes. Silva, who sends it, says it cannot be beaten:

One gallon of berries, two gallons of water, boil 20 minutes, then strain, and for every gallon of juice add the juice of five lemons and three and a half pounds of granulated sugar. Let stand awhile, skim off the top and bottle.

For the ones who asked for instructions in making yeast and light bread, Mrs. R. L. C. would like to tell her way. It is this:

First take one cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a little luke warm water. Then cook and mash, or grate raw, two medium, or three small potatoes, add about a half cup of sugar and a fourth cup of salt with water enough for one quart. Stir in the yeast and set aside until the potato comes to the top. By this time the yeast is ready to use.

For the sponge, take two or three potatoes, which should be boiled and mashed. Scald one cupful of flour and one-half cupful of sugar with the potato water. Add potato, then water and flour, until you get the amount of sponge you want. I make a gallon crock two-thirds full. When cool, pour in the yeast and stir well. Let it stand over night, or until it is real light. When ready to mix, sift three quarts of flour, with salt to taste, then pour in sponge, having saved out about a pint for your next bread making. Mix to a stiff dough, place in a deep pan, and let rise until light. Knead down once, let it rise again, and then knead into loaves which should rise until they are light. Then bake in a moderately hot oven one hour. I never fail with this.—Mrs. R. L. C.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

Don't be sad when the leaves are falling. Remember in the spring comes their glorious resurrection.

Naomi from the Green Mountain State: Thank you for your good intentions, but it is "against the rules" to give any free advertising, as would be the case with the book you mention. Why don't you write one of the good "home folks" letters to the corner?—Ed.

G. S. Ellis—If you will send your address to the Editor of the Household page I will send you the letters which have come in response to your letter asking for comfort. Several have been received and there are many more likely to follow, which shows how quickly "my people" respond with sympathy and live up to our motto.—Elizabeth Ayres.

Letters and recipes received during the past week are from: Mrs. Clark Shufelt, Mrs. N. P. Smith, John Knodel, Dough Head, A Methodist Friend, Katherine Bostwick, Mrs. L. M., Grandma Nancy, Brown-Eyed Dollie, and Mrs. G. J.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

## About Ginger and Gingerbread

Ginger is the dried underground stem of a plant that grows wild in southeast Asia and in the Malay Archipelago, and is cultivated extensively in South America and the West Indies, particularly Jamaica, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. The ginger produced in Jamaica is recognized as of superior quality and commands more than double the price of any other. The botanical name of the stem is rhizomes, the real roots of the ginger plant being the fibres which are given off from the rhizomes. Leafy shoots rise from the underground stems to a height of one to three feet, according to conditions of soil and climate. The plant bears a blossom on a stalk separate from leaves. Ginger requires a rich soil, well drained, rich vegetable loam being best adapted to its cultivation. These conditions being met, it may be grown from the sea level to high mountainous regions, provided the rainfall be abundant or irrigation adopted.

The plant is propagated by division of the rhizomes, each rhizome being carefully divided into small pieces, pains being taken to leave at least one shoot bud on a cutting. The cuttings are at once set out in the field in holes that have been specially prepared for the purpose at distances of about a foot apart. It is essential that the land should be well cleaned and trenched, the weeds and rubbish being buried in the trenches to enrich the soil. The best time for planting is in March or April. The plant is cultivated in much the same way as the potato. Manure is generally placed in the holes when the planting takes place, and also spaded into the ground when the same land is used for several years in succession.

The plant is in blossom about September. Thereafter the shoots wither and the rhizomes increase in size, and by January or February the spice is ready to gather. The plant is dug out of the soil with a fork, care being taken not to injure the rhizomes, or "hands," as they are termed in Jamaica. The "hands" vary in size, some being very large and weighing over half a pound.

After the "hands" have been divested of the fibrous roots and all adhering mold and dirt they are scalded for some minutes in boiling water, to destroy their vitality and then dried in the sun, when they become the ginger of commerce. The darker kinds are sometimes bleached by exposure to fumes of chloride of lime or burning sulphur. What is known as "scraped," "uncoated," and "white" ginger is prepared by scraping the "hands" with a knife until the dark outer skin is removed, and then drying them in the sun. When cultivated under favorable conditions, an acre of land will produce as much as 4,000 pounds.

Ginger is shipped in bags, which generally contain a hundredweight each of the spice. There is a considerable acreage of land under cultivation of ginger in Jamaica, mostly in the hands of small settlers in the southern part of the island. During the last fiscal year about 1,400,000 pounds were exported from this island, some 650,000 pounds being taken by the United States, and 600,000 by Great Britain. Canada took nearly all the balance. The crop last year was little more than two-thirds the usual amount, because of the severe and long-continued drought in the island.

After the preceding explanation of ginger and the processes which attend its cultivation and marketing, perhaps a few recipes in which ginger is an important ingredient, will not come amiss. The first of these is:

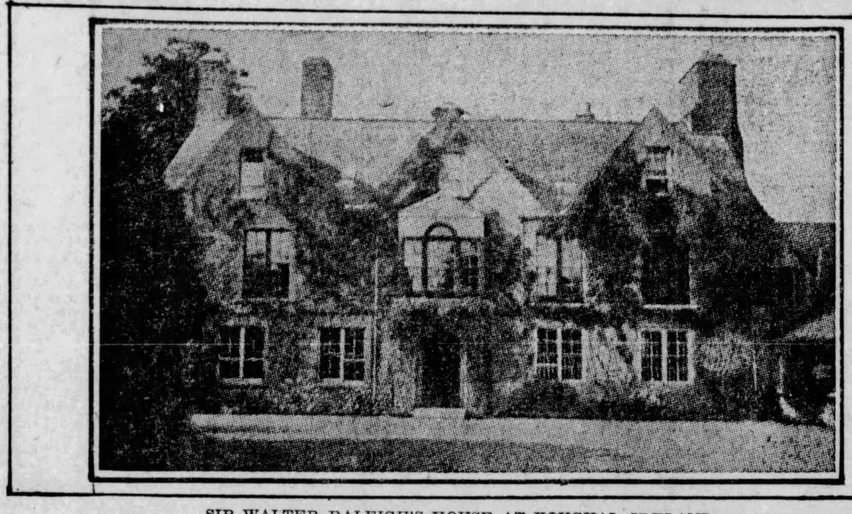
Nevada Gingerbread: Take one cupful of New Orleans molasses and bring it to the boiling point, then add one cupful of brown sugar, one-half a cupful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of ginger and a very scant teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and nutmeg; add also a small saltspoonful of salt. When this has boiled nearly to the candying point, stir in one teaspoonful of soda and set it aside to cool. When nearly cold add one cupful of buttermilk, the yolks of three eggs beaten light and three cupfuls of flour. Lastly, fold in the whites of three eggs whipped stiff. Put in your pans and bake in a very moderate oven. It destroys the flavor to hurry it. Sometimes vary the recipe by adding one cupful of raisins, seeded and dredged with flour.

Southern Ginger Pound Cake: Mix together three-quarters of a pound of butter with one pound of brown sugar. Put one teaspoonful of soda in a cup and put on it a few drops of hot water; then pour the water off and add the soda to one cupful of cream. To the mixed sugar and butter add six well-beaten eggs, one-quarter of a pound of ginger, one grated nutmeg and one small wineglassful of brandy; then add the cream and use as much flour as would make a stiff sponge-cake batter.

Whole-Wheat Gingerbread: Sift together two and one-half cupfuls of whole wheat flour, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of ginger and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Take one cupful of molasses and mix one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda in it; add this to the dry mixture, and also one cupful of sour milk. Beat all this until very light, and then stir in about one-third of a cupful of melted butter. Bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

Gossamer Gingerbread: Mix together one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of milk, three and two-thirds cupfuls of flour and one tablespoonful of ginger. Spread this mixture as thin as possible on the bottom of a baking tin. Bake in a quick oven. Cut in squares as soon as taken from oven.

## Sir Walter Raleigh's Old Home



SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE AT YOUGHAL, IRELAND.

Last summer I visited the town of Cork, in Ireland, and one day it dawned upon me that I was within a few miles of Sir Walter Raleigh's old home in Youghal. But "Paddy" was calling it "Yawl," and I did not recognize the name for some time. It was a delightful trip over to the little seaport town lying where the Blackwater, known as "the Irish Rhine," empties into the sea. Raleigh looked upon it as his "haven royal," with his heavy woodlands lying for a long way on the shores of the beautiful stream. When he was mayor of it in 1587 he resided in the manor-house, and in the splendid Lismore Castle a few miles up the river. I made a photograph of the manor-house and of the queer old doorway, and of the famous yew trees in the garden. The building was there before Queen Elizabeth was born. In the large bay window at the left the poet Spenser wrote the first canto of his "Faerie Queene." The walls are about four feet thick, and the original oaken wainscoting remains, and in the library room, which has the bay windows, there is a fine old carved mantel of the Elizabethan period. In the dining room is Raleigh's original "extension table," the carved sea chest which he carried on all his voyages, and many other relics that were intensely interesting to me. But it was indeed difficult to believe when I sat me down under the yew trees that they were really the very same trees under which Raleigh smoked his pipe of Virginia tobacco.

It is said that the first time he tried it a servant rushed out of the kitchen and threw a bucket of cold water over him, believing his master to be on fire. There is some historical doubt, however, as to whether this was the cook or the serving maid.

Raleigh introduced many foreign plants and vegetables into his gardens and the vicinity—richly perfumed yellow wall flowers from the Azores, and the Affaue cherry, are still growing along the Blackwater, and his cedars are still growing in Cork. In his garden he also planted tobacco, and a little further away, near the town wall of the thirteenth century, is where the first Irish potato was planted by him. All that Raleigh brought from across the ocean in this way became of more value than anything he could have done in his supposed gold mines, or in the emerald mines of Trinidad. In fact, had he known the future value of the asphalt lake at Trinidad, its riches would have built him a better palace than anything he had coveted in Spain.

It was a pleasant hour, indeed, as I sat under the group of yew trees, intertwining themselves into an arbor, and thought of the perilous times for Raleigh when he was imprisoned in the Tower of London, where, in spite of his misery, he wrote his marvelous "Hitsory of the World," and of his gallant and even humorous conduct as he awaited his execution at the block. And as I looked over at the library window where he once sat with Spenser, it was in the lovellest time of the year—the picturesque house was covered with vines, the surroundings were in soft accordance under a placid blue sky, and the green hills of Ireland lay glowing in the afternoon sun.—Delsher Welsh in October St. Nicholas.

## THE MERRY - GO - ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

We have another good descriptive letter this week which gives us a glimpse of California. In the column of the past week you remember we visited Mammoth Cave, so we seem to be taking many journeys together.

Many of the readers of the M. G. R. have probably heard of the beautiful Napa valley in California. At the head of this valley is Mt. St. Helena, so named by the Russians. On the top of the mountain is a large brass plate, placed there by the same Asiatic people. The crater at the top of the mountain makes the fact sure that once this was a volcano. In different parts of the valley are found great quantities of glass-rock that have come from such a source.

A short distance from where I live is a hill that we refer to as Glass mountain. A great deal of the glass-rock is found there and sometimes in very large pieces. We often find whole, or pieces of arrow heads, that were made by the Indians when they inhabited this valley many years ago. Through this valley runs the Napa river, although in some places it is not very large. During the winter it overflows its banks and extends far over the land on each side. We live three miles from the nearest village, St. Helena. This town is not very large, having about 2,000 inhabitants, but the pretty residences and native trees make the town look very pleasant.

In this valley the prunes are now being harvested. Near our home is an orchard where I can hear the pickers, now, as they throw the prunes into the pails. In a field adjacent to the orchard can be seen trays of fruit which have been dipped in lye and placed in the sun to dry.

We live at the foot of Howell mountain. In the hillside is a place where many who come to this part of the country like to go. It is a cave about two hundred feet in length. Not as many go through it as go to see it, because it is nearly always quite dirty and even muddy. The passageway is quite small and rough in many places and, as of course, it is dark, candles have to be carried. As far as the people about here know, this is a piece of nature.

After leaving the cave and climbing through chaparrel and over rocks we come to the top of one of the ridges of Howell mountain. Here are two trees that are generally known as "Adam and Eve," or sometimes "Lone Pines." The latter name was given because they are the only trees on that part of the ridge, and can be seen from a great distance.

From this part of the mountain you can see the greater part of the valley In the northern part you can distinguish the little village of Calistoga, while, when you look south, a knoll cuts off the best part of the view. It is very interesting to watch the steam cars as they come into sight far up the valley, and see them stop at the different stations on their way to Napa, the county-seat.

In different places in the valley are many summer resorts where the tired city people like to go to spend their vacations. A few hundred yards farther up the hill from our house is a place where hundreds of the people from different parts of the country come, the year around. This place is known all over the United States as the "St. Helena Sanitarium." Although built on the hillside you would imagine yourself on the level. The main building and cottages are surrounded by all kinds of beautiful flowering shrubs. Lawns and cement walks add to its beauty. The view from this beautiful place is grand as you look out over Pratt valley.

There are many other places that I would like to tell about, but I have not time today.

The general character of the country is very different from that which many of the writers are used to seeing. It is also different from the country which the "Girl of the Golden West" wrote about, although only a few hundred miles apart.—Native Daughter of the Golden West.

It has been a long time since I made my first visit. Winter and spring have sped away, and now we are in the midst of summer. I have just been reading the letters of the M. G. R., and the first name my eyes saw was one I had chosen for myself. A Jolly Spinster wrote such a good letter in answer to my call that I want to ask her to come again.

I told you in my other letter that I was one of a family of twelve children, all of whom are living, also our parents. I live on a farm of 54 acres with my father and mother, two brothers and one sister. Two of my sisters are teachers and spend their vacations at home.

Gladys, of the Wild Rose state, come again. I agree with you on violin music; that and tenor singing both strike a sensitive chord that nothing else can awaken. I am very fond of any kind of music and play a little on the organ, but have never taken lessons.

Dear Grandpa, do take a notion to come again soon. I will close with these four lines by Eugene Dolson, which express my sentiments:

"God's plan, I think is best for all,
Each life some tears must know,
In Sunland where no rain showers fall,
No flowers can ever grow."

—Sweet Marie of the Keystone State.

I had not realized how long it had been since I last visited with you, until one day recently I was reading some old letters, and found it had been more than a year since I made my appearance. Now this absence was not from lack of interest in our column—no, never—It was just because there were so many good, interesting letters, that I thought I would not bother.

I wonder if any of you enjoy the Poets' Corner as much as I? I am a lover of poetry and have saved every poem that has appeared in the Corner since it was established, and now have quite a collection.

We have had an extremely warm summer here this year, but I regret to see it passing. Although I like winter, I feel sorry to see the leaves fall and the flowers die. I notice some of the M. G. R.'s say they like to attend Sunday school. So do I, though now I have a class of boys aged from 11 to 15 years, and sometimes it is a little hard to get them interested in the lesson. I think our Sunday school lessons during this quarter have been very interesting and helpful.

Are you not all glad of the prohibition movement which is sweeping over our land? I feel proud of my home state, Georgia, for the stand she has taken for it, and I hope the time may come when the sale of intoxicating liquors will be entirely prohibited throughout Uncle Sam's domains.

"Hiawatha of Georgia," in what part of the state do you live? My home is in the extreme northern part.

Just Me, I have watched and waited a long time for another of those interesting letters telling of your travels, feeling sure that my patience will be rewarded with one. Your life must be happy. Now listen and don't become frightened, and I will give a description of myself. I am twenty-three years of age, five feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, have light auburn hair, large dark blue eyes, a round face and, of course, freckles—so you see by this that I am not a typical southern girl by any means—in looks. Nevertheless I am a true Georgian.—Larlyn Leath.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

Good name, in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
—Shakespeare.

I'm a-feelin' well an' happy; how is it with you?

We have not received as many letters as usual this week, but with those we have in reserve we shall have an easy time filling the column.

Olive Branch is one of the writers this week. Next week we shall publish her letter, and you'll see what she says about the deserters.

Miss Prudence had two visitors from Oklahoma today. The grandmother of one has read The Blade for forty years. That's a pretty good record.

In addition to the letter from Olive Branch we have heard from Esther Marble, Almetha, and Mary E. Kern.

Daisy E. Gaston:—I've not forgotten you. Lack of time has prevented me from giving you my attention. Have a little patience.

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MARJORIE

The other day, after a visitor who had been calling upon her papa had left, Miss Marjorie, aged five, happened to run out in the hall, where she found a cane. Returning to her father, she held it up for his inspection.

"Oh, look, papa," she cried. "Mr. X has left us his umbrella without any clothes on."

## THE POETS' CORNER

MERELY "WHISPERIN' BILL."

So you're takin' the census, mister?
There's three of us livin' still,
My wife, an' I, an' our only son, that
folks call Whisperin' Bill;
But Bill couldn't tell ye his name, sir,
an' so it's hardly worth givin',
For ye see a bullet killed his mind, an'
left his body livin'.

Set down for a minute, mister; ye see Bill was only fifteen
At the time o' the war, an' as likely a boy as ever this world has seen;
An' what with the news of battles lost, the speeches an' all the noise,
I guess every farm in the neighborhood lost a part of its crop of boys.

'Twas harvest time when Bill left home; every stalk in the fields o' rye,
Seemed to stand tip-top to see him off an' wave him a fond good-bye;
His sweetheart was here with some other girls—the sassy little Miss!
An' pretendin' she wanted to whisper 'n his ear, she gave him a rousin' kiss.

Oh, he was a handsome feller, an' tender an' brave an' smart,
An' tho' he was bigger than I was, the boy had a woman's heart.
I couldn't control my feelin's, but I tried with all my might,
An' his mother an' me stood a-cryin' till Bill was out o' sight.

His mother she often told him when she knew he was going away,
That God would take care o' him, maybe, if he didn't forgit to pray;
An' on the bloodiest battle-fields, when bullets whizzed in the air,
An' Bill was a-fightin' desperit, he used to whisper a prayer.

Oh, his comrades has often told me that Bill never flinched a bit,
When every second a gap in the ranks told where a ball had hit.
An' one night when the field was covered with the awful harvest o' war,
They found my boy 'mongst the martyrs o' the cause he was fightin' for.

His fingers were clutched in the dewy grass—oh, no, sir, he wasn't dead,
But he lay sort of helpless an' crazy with a rifle-ball in his head;
An' if Bill had really died that night I'd give all I've got worth givin';
For ye see the bullet had killed his mind an' left his body livin'.

An officer wrote an' told us how the boy had been hurt in the fight,
But he said that the doctors reckoned they could bring him 'round all right,
An' then we heard from a neighbor, disabled at Malvern Hill,
That he thought in the course of a week or so he'd be comin' home with Bill.

We was that anxious t' see him we'd set up an' talk o' nights
Till the break o' day had dimmed the stars an' put out the northern lights;
We waited an' watched for a month or more, an' the summer was nearly past,
When a letter came one day that said they'd started for home at last.

I'll never forgit the day Bill came—'twas harvest time again—
An' the air-bloom over the yellow fields was sweet with the scent o' the grain;
The door-yard was full o' the neighbors, who had come to share our joy,
An' all of us sent up a mighty cheer at the sight o' that soldier boy.

An' all of a sudden somebody said: "My God! don't the boy know his mother?"
An' Bill stood a-whisperin', fearful like, an' starin' from one to another;
"Don't be afraid, Bill," said he to himself, as he stood in his coat o' blue,
"Why, God'll take care o' you, Bill; God'll take care o' you."

He seemed to be loadin' an' firin' a gun, an' to act like a man who hears
The awful roar o' the battle-field a-soundin' in his ears;
I saw that the bullet had touched his brain an' somehow made it blind,
With the picture o' war before his eyes an' the fear o' death in his mind.

I grasped his hand, an' says I to Bill, "Don't ye remember me?
I'm yer father—don't ye know me? How frightened ye seem to be!"
But the boy kep a-whisperin' to himself, as if 'twas all he knew,
"God'll take care o' you, Bill; God'll take care o' you."

He's never known us since that day, nor his sweetheart, an' never will;
Father an' mother an' sweetheart are all the same to Bill.
An' many's the time his mother sets up the whole night through,
An' smooths his head, an' says: "Yes, Bill, God'll take care o' you."

Unfortunit? Yes, but we can't complain; it's a livin' death more sad
When the body clings to a life o' shame an' the soul has gone to the bad;
An' Bill is out o' the reach o' harm an' danger of every kind,
We only take care of his body, but God takes care of his mind.

LIFE

Life is good for God did give it—
Good to all who rightly live it.
Sweet affections lend it beauty;
Stirring conflict makes it grand;
Faith triumphant makes it holy,
Leaning on the Father's hand.

Life is hidden in a chamber,
Ever hidden to a stranger;
There is life and strong emotion,
Thought and feeling, sacred sorrow,
Tossing like a troubled ocean,
Faith serene though dark the morrow.

Life is conflict earnest, stern,
Much to conquer, more to learn;
But above there is a helper,
Blessed voices cheer us on.
Heavenly lights forbid to falter,
Angels shout each victory won.

Life is swift—the years go by;
A story told and then we die.
Still the golden now is ours
And mem'ry running down the past
Plucks again its choicest fruits—
Fruits for virtue's crown at last.

Life is good for God did give it—
Good for all who rightly live it.
Life is hidden in a chamber
Never open to a stranger.
Life is struggle, earnest, stern;
Much to conquer, more to learn.

Life is swift, the years go by.
A story told and then we die.
Life is glory—all things holy;
Conflict done—victory won—
Clad in white—crowned with light—
Angel songs shall tell its story.

THE CHILDREN.

By Charles M. Dickenson.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismiss'd,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good night" and be kiss'd;
O, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace;
O, the smiles that are halos of Heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me
And the glory of gladness within.

O, my heart grows as weak as a woman's
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
O, there's nothing on Earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of household;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses;
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
O, those truants from home and from Heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could like
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done;
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the Sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
O, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banish'd the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking the rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the Autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That musterd eaen morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says, "the school is dismiss'd!"
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good night" and be kiss'd.

A LITTLE CHAT.

Mrs. I. Vansant:—The poem you refer to is doubtless filed away with a great many others that, so far, we have been unable to publish. I'll look it up, and if it is not to be found, will let you know.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

## A STORY OF TAME HARES

The children of a neighbor of mine had a leveret (young hare) given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father should offer it to my acceptance.

I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that in the management of such an animal and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbors that I was pleased with the present, and the consequence was that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, called Puss, Tiney and Bess. Immediately commencing to carpenter. I built them houses to sleep in, so contrived that they were kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the daytime they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows that they might not molest him (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick), and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health.

No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery, a sentiment which he expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favorite repast. I had not long habituated him to this state of liberty before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth and pull it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible, by many symptoms which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He, too, was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his forefeet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way; and even his surliness was a matter of mirth; and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him, too, I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humor and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlor after supper, when, the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk, and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest. One evening the cat being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon her back with such violence that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were, in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character that when I looked only on the face of either I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with the features that he can distinguish each from all the rest, and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the strictest scrutiny.

They seem, too, to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favorites; to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming has engaged their affections at once; his powdered coat had claims that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, or what gratitude they are capable of, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life; and that impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.—William Cowper.

## CURES OF ECZEMA

**man Tells of Her Brother's Terrible Suffering—Her Grandchild and Another Baby Also Cured.**

**TICURA PROVED INVALUABLE**

My brother had eczema three differ- summers. Each summer it came out ween his shoulders and down his k, and he said his suffering was ter- . When it came on the third sum- he bought a box of Cuticura Oint- t and gave it a faithful trial. Soon began to feel better and he cured self entirely of eczema with Cuti- .

A lady in Indiana heard of how daughter, Mrs. Miller, had cured her son of terrible eczema by the Cuti- Remedies. This lady's little one the eczema so badly that they ght they would lose it. She used ura Remedies and they cured her entirely, and the disease never back. Mrs. Sarah E. Lusk, Cold- r, Mich., Aug. 15 and Sept. 2, '07."

## $20,000 YEARLY ALIMONY

**fe of Howard Gould Seeks to Hurry Divorce Suit.**

w York, Sept. 21.—Mrs. Catherine ld, who is suing Howard Gould for rce, today applied through counsel Justice Giegerich for an order com- ing Mr. Gould to pay her $120,000 a r alimony and $15,000 for her counsel

After a hearing the justice ad- ned the argument until October 1 at request of Cornelius Sullivan, counsel Mr. Gould. Mr. Sullivan said:

Mrs. Gould is generously allowed for r husband. In November, 1907, Mr. ld started to provide for her at the of $5,000 a year. The plaintiff has children. Furthermore, the plaintiff pledged the defendant for articles based since the alleged separation to the extent of $100,000. She purchased ry to the amount of $60,000 within weeks of the time of the alleged aban- ment."

rence J. Shearn, counsel for Mrs. ld, replied that it was very necessary Mrs. Gould be provided for at once. said: "Mrs. Gould is being hounded gents of defendant and shadowed ever she goes by his spies."

adjourning the hearing to October 1, ice Giegerich said that the only thing to considered was the amount of y.

mediately following the temporary estion of this action the case of Helen y Gould against Frank J. Gould for ute divorce was called before Justice erich in the same court room. The eedings in this case were brief, the t merely fixing October 2 as the date a hearing on the motion.

## UR HURT IN GUN FIGHT

**man, Defending Husband, Is Shot 14 Times.**

est Plains, Mo., Sept. 21.—John rts and his wife yesterday re- d a sheriff and several deputies in eparate fight near Prestonia, one south of the Arkansas line, when ficers attempted to arrest Rob- for killing Obe Kessinger last . The woman and Sheriff Mooney, rter county, Arkansas, are prob- fatally wounded and Roberts and deputies are seriously hurt.

berts went to Kessinger's house last night and called Kessin- to the door. When Kessinger an- ed, Roberts fired and killed him, said.

oney was shot by the woman, it d, and then Roberts and his wife ded the house. They defended building for hours under fire. the firing from within finally the door was broken down. Roberts, suffering from fourteen ds, was dying and no attempt made to move her to jail. berts and the wounded officers taken to Mountain Home, Ark.

**RYAN USES HIS MASCOT MULE AS VOTE GETTER.**

New York, Sept. 21.—William Bryan has offered the mascot le given him by the Agricul- al society of Minnesota, as a e to the county showing the rgest percentage of increase in vote for Democratic electors r the average vote for electors the last three campaigns. The r is contained in a letter from presidential candidate to Na- al Chairman Mack, who made blic the contents today.

## MYSTERY IN BIG FIRE

**is Postoffice Building Is Wrecked by Flames.**

rk, Sept. 21.—Fire broke out last in the Central Telephone building spread with such rapidity that the hone employes were forced, after and ineffectual efforts to extin- the flames, to fly hastily to the t. The entire building was soon ed and was destroyed. The post- which is located close to the Des Victoires, was threatened. loss is estimated at $5,000,000, much greater loss is likely to be ed through the complete inter- n of all telephonic communica- to the center of Paris, as well as unication with the provinces and

origin of the fire is a mystery, is believed to have been due to rt circuit. It is asserted, also, it may have been of incendiary but nothing as yet has been to prove this.

## SPECTOR IS TORTURED

**d to Post and Water Placed Just Beyond Reach.**

enix, Ariz., Sept. 16.—Posses are ing the country near Kelvin, a g camp 100 miles east of here, Mexican highwaymen who em- ed an Apache method of torture committing a highway robbery. s Martze, a prospector, aged 70, the victim, and the booty con- of his weapons and a small nt of money. The Mexicans owered, bound and blindfolded They placed a can of water just d his reach. After hours of ef- he wriggled out of his bonds and to Kelvin, where he gave the


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## IS DROUGH STRICKEN

**Wells Running Dry and Water in Lakes Recedes at Rate of Inch a Day.**

Boston, Mass., Sept. 21.—Anxiety is filling the heart of the New England farmer, for a drouth, which is pronounced to be one of the severest in many years, has spread over the New England states, causing suffering to people, cattle and crops throughout the country districts.

It was August 26 that the last general rainfall came to New England. In many places the wells are running dry, and a serious state of affairs confronts the farmers. Water in the lakes has been receding at the rate of one inch a day. Numerous forest fires have started. Many mills have been crippled by the lack of water, and others have been compelled to shut down.

In New Hampshire the drouth is especiall pronounced. Since the August rain storm there has been but one or two local showers, and they were of short duration.

In Vermont, mills have been seriously crippled or shut down, throwing hundreds out of employment. Quarries about Montpelier were closed during the past week for an indefinite period.

For several days the water has been the lowest since 1881 in Lake Champlain, and steamers have discontinued touching at St. Alban's Bay.

Smoke from the burning forests of Maine, Canada and northern New York has hung over New England for the past week, obscuring the rays of the sun, and threatening to rival the famous "yellow days of 1881." As the result of the extraordinary conditions, shipping all along the New England coast has been seriously hampered.

## FIRES SURROUND A CITY

**Rhinelander, Wis., Is in Grave Danger From Flames.**

Milwaukee, Sept. 21.—The city of Rhinelander, Wis., is threatened by forest fires, and Milwaukee was called on to aid in saving the city. A fire engine, half a mile of hose and a truck were loaded on a special train and started for Rhinelander last night.

Rhinelander is surrounded by forest fires, which threaten to sweep over the city.

**Maine Fires Checked.**

Augusta, Me., Sept. 21.—Practically all of the forest fires which have swept the timberlands throughout the state during the past three days are under control today.

The only blaze which remained as a menace to property last night was that at Scarboro, but this was reported today to have been checked by the firemen.

**Breeze Fans Flames.**

Fort William, Ont., Sept. 21.—Fanned by a strong breeze last night, the forest fires again blazed forth at the outskirts of West Fort, and the fire brigade had hard work to prevent damage to property. In a very short time fierce fires were bearing down upon several houses in West Fort, close to the westerly limits. After a fight lasting several hours, in which several firemen had to be carried away overcome with smoke and heat, the fighters succeeded in checking the flames.

## RIOT FOLLOWS PLAGUE

**Government Officials Are Hurt in Serious Outbreaks in the Azores.**

Lisbon, Sept. 16.—Word has reached here that serious disorders have broken out in the Azores, where the plague is raging. The population of the towns of Horta, on the Island of Fayal, and Angra, on the Island of Terceira, maddened by the failure of the authorities to take preventive measures against the disease have indulged in violent rioting in which several government officials have been injured.

New cases of the plague are occurring daily and the epidemic threatens to spread throughout the entire group. The sick are lying huddled in hospitals, in the most miserable condition, lacking food, medicines and other necessaries. The authorities are powerless, as the government at Lisbon, owing to the financial crisis, has not yet been able to remit the $20,000 voted by parliament for the relief of the plague-stricken.

Commerce is completely paralyzed, the government having forbidden all communication with the infected islands.

The Portuguese gunboat Patria has arrived at Fayal with a detachment of troops which will be stationed there to prevent further outbreaks.

## KILLS HERSELF AND SON

**Maniac Mother's Awful Deed at Negaunee.**

Ishpeming, Mich., Sept. 19.—When Undertaker Elias Dawe returned to his home in Negaunee for dinner yesterday he was confronted by a shocking sight. His 6-year-old boy was on the floor dead, while in the garret he found the lifeless body of his wife hanging from the rafter by a clothes line.

The boy apparently had been strangled to death with a white necktie.

Dr. Sheldon, who was called, thinks an attempt was made to polson the boy before the necktie was used.

It is presumed the mother was temporarily insane and, while in that irresponsible condition, took the boy's life as well as her own. She had been acting queerly for some time.

## MUST RETURN FUNDS

**Excited Pittsford Citizens Overtake Banker on Way to Train.**

Jackson, Mich., Sept. 21.—Overtaken on his way to a train at Pittsford, Mich., Saturday night with a satchel containing $21,000 of the securities of the Pittsford bank, William H. Burletson, of Parma, who controlled the bank, was escorted back to the bank steps by a crowd of excited citizens and induced to surrender the satchel and securities and the keys of the bank to F. W. Lyon, the village druggist.

State Banking Commissioner Zimmerman ordered the closing af the Farmers' and Merchants' State Bank of Parma, of which Burletson was cashier, and the closing of two small banks conducted by Burletson at Hanover and Pittsford followed.

Saturday night Burletson declared to the crowd that he only needed ready money and that if they would deposit $4,000 in the Pittsford bank he would pay 100 cents on the dollar. He also offered to sell the Pittsford bank building and lot for $4,000. The villagers will hold a meeting to decide whether to accept the $4,000 offer for the sale of the property.

Burletson is also said to have written from Lansing to Cashier Melvine Carey, of his bank at Hanover, directing Carey to meet him at the train with all the money in the bank and a list of depositors. Carey, however, notified some of the depostiors and put a time lock on the bank vault, setting it for Monday morning. Burletson went from Hanover to his home in Parma for the night. Burletson, it developed, had acquired enough stock to be almost sole owner of the Parma bank, the bank having been without officers, except the cashier, since last May, when President C. W. Bullen, Director A. M. Helmer and Stockholder F. K. Corwin sold their stock to Burletson.

"There were about $25,000 of deposits charged against the bank," said Cashier Blackman, of the Pittsford bank, Saturday night. "Of this amount $1,700 is on deposit in Detroit and other cities. There is some $800 in cash in the bank now.

"The $21,000 of securities appears to be good, so far as they have been inventoried. They appear to be long-time notes secured by real estate, or short time notes well indorsed."

## FOREST FIRES SERIOUS

**Dense Pall of Smoke Envelops State of Maine as Result of Blazes.**

Augusta, Me., Sept. 18.—A dense pall of smoke enveloped the state of Maine as the result of numerous forest fires that are devastating thousands of acres of timber lands, and causing grave anxiety for the safety of property in at least fourteen towns in eight counties. Night and day a large army of men are at work in the effort to place the flames under control or turn them away from forest-girdled villages.

The smoke is stifling and the heat is such as to try the endurance of the strongest, and fresh relays are constantly being dispatched to the front. So far as known no lives had been lost. Probably the most serious fire is in Hancock county.

The most serious situation was at Brooksville. Here hundreds of men are concentrated along the banks of Meadow brook trying to keep the flames from crossing that stream. The fire, fed with the parched timber of 3,000 acres, advanced on the village with a front four miles wide. Should the flames cross the stream, not only the town of Brooksville itself, but numerous villages and outlying houses in the neighborhood will probably be destroyed.

**Fires in New York.**

Kingston, N. Y., Sept. 18.—All efforts to check the spread of the forest fires in the Catskill mountains have proven ineffectual and the blaze is rapidly increasing in area. New fires have started on several near-by hills and the atmosphere is thick with smoke. The chief conflagration is on Hussy hill.

The fires may equal those in 1903, when several lives were lost and millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed, according to a statement made today by John K. Ward, counsel to the state forest, fish and game commission. The forest fires raging in the Adirondacks are spreading rapidly and if the present drouth upstate continues for a few more weeks Mr. Ward says a very serious condition is sure to develop.

## 4 PATIENTS DIE

**Water Containing Atropine Is Accidentally Used in Giving Medicine.**

San Diego, Cal., Sept. 19.—Carelessness of a nurse in leaving water containing atropine where it was accidentally used in giving medicine has caused four deaths among patients at the county hospital. Another death is expected and four other persons are seriously ill. The dead are: J. Young, Charles Kemp, Henry C. Shuette and August Fixsler.

All patients were taken violently sick Thursday afternoon and evidence of poison was so great that an investigation was started. Finally a nurse, Miss Mary Arthur, 19, said that she had neglected to throw out some water in which there was a quantity of atropine and that the patients had got hold of it.

The nurse realized her mistake as soon as the inmates became ill, but did not confess her error until after the investigation.

## TO ASSIST WRIGHT

**Chicago Club Seeks to Persuade Aeronaut to Accept Aid in Building.**

Chicago, Sept. 21.—Despite reports from Washington that Orville Wright would not consider outside assistance in building a new aeroplane, the Aeronautique club of Chicago last night announced its intention of raising a fund by popular subscription to be known as the Thomas E. Selfridge fund. The members hope to induce Orville Wright to reconsider his opposition.

**Flooded With Letters.**

New York, Sept. 21.—One of the results of the prominence attained by the Wright brothers had been the vastly increased mail of the Aero club of America. The club rooms have been deluged with letters containing drawings and prayers for financial aid.

Many letters are from scientific men and various aeronautic societies. A prisoner in the penitentiary at Auburn writes he can "answer this riddle of the ages if permitted to go free." Ministers, who begin their appeal for money with biblical quotations; physicians who acknowledge that they have slighted medicine for aerodynamics; tarmps from the Platte, and seekers after gold in Alaska have written that the club need investigate no further—they have the solution.

**Balloon Soars 5,500 Feet.**

London, Sept. 21.—Professors A. Lawrence Kotch and Percival Lowell, of Boston, and Captain S. A. Cloman, the American military attache at London, made a balloon ascension yesterday with Charles Stewart Rolls, captain of the London section of the army motor reserve. They succeeded in taking a number of scientific observations above the clouds, as well as a number of photographs. The balloon reached an altitude of 5,500 feet.

## WRIGHT TELLS OF ACCIDENT

**Can't Account for Real Reason for Disaster.**

New York, Sept. 21.—Orville Wright's own story of the tragic fate which befell his aeroplane at the Fort Myer testing field, resulting in the death of Lieutenant Selfridge and dangerous injuries to Mr. Wright himself, is told in a dispatch received in this city.

According to the story, he is at a loss to account for the real season for the fatal termination of what had promised to be a record breaking flight. The immediate cause was plainly that one of the propellers struck a guy rope, he says, but he is unable, even now, to understand how it could have happened.

**Orville Wright's Story.**

"It can never happen again," he said. "I know how it happened—from a certain point. I know that the propeller struck a wire guy. It was the guy to the rudder support rod. But I don't know how the wire got to the propeller. We tried those propellers in the house. They did not hit anything.

"Somehow that propeller and that wire came together. The propeller hit the wire twice—lightly—then hard. I heard it. I heard the crash. I didn't look back—I didn't know what was happening.

"Then we commenced to spin around. That was the unbroken propeller urging us onward. I cut off the motor—pulled the cord—and we lost headway. The rudder was out of commission. It must have swung to one side—useless—as soon as the wire got loose from the tail. We can't stay up without headway. I heard Selfridge say: 'Oh, oh!' like that. That is all he said. I expected to right the machine. It was falling edgewise. The only way to get headway was to fall. We didn't fall far enough. It started to right; twenty feet more and it would have righted. We didn't have the twenty feet.

**Fell Very Fast.**

"It seemed a long time—we fell very fast. Everything seemed to hit me at once. I didn't lose consciousness I think—but I was dazed and things seemed dark. I could hear what was said. I could see Selfridge, he seemed to be on all fours and was moaning.

"But it's over; it can't be helped. Nothing makes much difference except Selfridge, poor Selfridge."

A pause, then:

"I wish I knew how that wire got in that propeller."

## AUTO AND TRAINS KILL

**Three Fatalities Is Friday's Record at Detroit.**

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 19.—Joseph Dombrowski, two years old, a son of Albert Dombrowski, was run over and killed yesterday morning at Riopelle and St. Joseph streets by an automobile driven by Dr. Otto Scherer. The Dombrowski child was playing in a sand pile, and, becoming confused as the machine approached, ran directly under its wheels.

Dr. Scherer carried the injured infant to its home and worked over the little fellow as long as there was life. The child's skull was fractured.

Two other fatalities were the deaths of John Seriko, 11 years old, who was killed benath the wheels of a Grand Trunk freight train, and of John Moore, 14 years old, instantly killed by a D., T. & I. train in West Wyandotte.

Edward Whiteside, of Buffalo, an automobile designer, had three ribs broken and a shoulder fractured and is thought to have sustained internal injuries when the automobile of A. J. Pullau, of this city, was struck by an electric car at Second and Forest avenues and wrecked last night. Mr. Pullau and his son, who were with Mr. Whiteside in the automobile, were less seriously injured. Mr. Whiteside is at Grace hospital.

## WHITES TO STOP BOMB

**Persian Nationalists Detain Them in Threatened City.**

Tabriz, Persia, Sept. 19.—A decisive struggle between the sultan and the Nationalists for the control of Tabriz is imminent.

Ain Ed Dowleh, of the shah's forces, has sent an ultimatum to Satar Khan to lay down his arms and surrender the city in forty-eight hours, threatening otherwise to bombard the capital and storm the Nationalist quarter. Satar Khan flatly refused to comply, and is preparing for the defense. Foreigners are in great danger.

The Nationalists, thinking that their presence will interfere with the bombardment, refuse to permit them to leave the city.


## WHY REMAIN POOR?

**WE CAN PROVE THAT $5.00 WILL EARN $90.00 IN DIVIDENDS.**

Because the government has thoroughly explored and reported on the Nosiniscato River Basin, and in its official Bulletin No. 53 states that it contains $182,250,000 worth of gold dust. We can prove that we own the most accessible and most valuable gold placer mines in the above basin that consist of eleven mines and 384 claims which have $92,160,000 worth of gold dust.

We give you government proofs, and governments do not deceive people. We also agree to buy back your stock at a profit to yourself if you are not satisfied.

This is why you have an honest chance to make your fortune to any amount.

Address at once for full particulars, before stock goes up,

THE PERUVIAN GOLD MINING CORPORATION,

624 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, O.


## GIVES $16,000,000 AWAY AT GOLDEN WEDDING SUPPER

**Iron King, as a "Little Surprise," Presents Each of His Four Children $4,000,000, Which They Find Under Their Plates.**

Pittsburg, Sept. 17.—At the golden wedding supper of W. H. Singer and wife, Singer, a rich iron king, distributed $16,000,000 among his four children, each getting $4,000,000. Through the filing of certain papers in the Allegheny county court house here yesterday this came out, and was later admitted by the Singer family, which is among the best and oldest in Pittsburg.

The Singer children who received $4,000,000 each, are William Henry Singer, Jr., landscape painter, now in Norway, where he spends most of his time; George Singer, iron manufacturer, Pittsburg, now in the White mountains on his vacation; Mrs. William Ross Proctor, wife of a Philadelphia architect; Marguerite Singer, youngest daughter, at home.

Mr. Singer made his fortune in iron as a member of the famous iron firm of Singer, Nimick & Co. He is also connected with many of the banking institutions of Pittsburg and considered one of the richest men of the country.

The amount of his fortune, after giving away $16,000,000, is probably $15,000,000.

A peculiar feature of the case was made known late yesterday. William H. Singer, the son who chose painting rather than the iron business as his life work, will scarcely be able to enjoy his millions in America, owing to the great fear his wife bears for the black hand. Early in the summer, shortly after the dinner party with $4,000,000 favors for the guests, Mrs. Singer received at her home in Sewickley a black hand letter which frightened her into hysterics. Her husband was finally compelled to take her abroad. They are now in Norway, where, it is said ,they will remain permanently, as Mr. Singer expects, in spite of his vast wealth, to spend all his time painting.

## STEAMERS STORM TOSSED

**Ocean Liners Caught in Heavy Sea, Fog and Smoke.**

New York, Sept. 19.—Severe storms at sea, heavy fogs and a smoky haze on the coast are playing havoc with shipping schedules, both coastwise steamers and trans-Atlantic liners being seriously affected. The Celtic and the Pretoria were among the few big liners able to reach dock yesterday.

The Cunard liner Mauretania, making the outer habor early yesterday, was held there by the thick fog all day and last night anchored outside. She is forced by her bulk to use the Ambrose channel, and in weather like this it is not safe for her to attempt the passage of the new route into port.

There are many pliers of the ocean, of size and importance, which are lost to view and communication somewhere outside the harbor or along the northeast coast. The failure of the Italian steamer Taormina to make known her whereabouts and the lack of news from the French liners La Savoie, from Havre, and the Provincia, from Marseilles, are laid to the thick, smoky conditions.

To the south heavy storms have prevailed and incoming steamers report hard battles with wind and sea. Many steamers due from the south have not been heard from. No anxiety is expressed for the safety of any of the overdue vessels.

## WEDS TO ELUDE SUITOR

**Helen Maloney, Philadelphia, Feared She Would Be Forced to Marry Nobleman.**

New York, Sept. 18.—Fear that she might be compelled by her parents to marry a titled foreigner whom she disliked, was the reason which Helen Maloney, daughter of wealthy Martin Maloney, Philadelphia, declared made her go through a marriage ceremony with Arthur Herbert Osborne, a young broker. This information was given by Miss Maloney under oath when she was being examined by a referee in connection with her application to have the purported marriage annulled. The decree was granted yesterday by Justice Gerard in the supreme court.

Miss Maloney swore that the marriage never was regarded in a serious light either by herself or by Osborne, and that she did not believe the contract a binding one, inasmuch as the contracting parties did not give their right names, ages or names of their parents to the justice of the peace who performed the ceremony.

In her testimony before the referee, Miss Maloney said the marriage between herself and Osborne, which was performed by a justice of the peace at Mamaroneck, was decided upon very suddenly. Two titled foreigners were visiting at her father's home and one of them was very attentive to her. She disliked the man, but feared that she would be led by her parents to marry him.

At the same time she was fond of Osborne, but feared to suggest marriage to her parents for fear they would oppose it, so when Osborne proposed marriage to her she told him to wait six months.

A few days later, when they were with an automobile party, it occurred to her that any plans looking to a marriage with the titled foreigner might be blocked if she and Osborne were married under assumed names and at the same time the marriage would not be binding upon them.

## 40,000 SPINDLES IDLE

**British Cotton Strike Ties Up $250,000,000.**

Manchester, Eng., Sept. 21.—More than 400 cotton mills in Lancashire are idle today as a result of the dispute over wages between operatives and employers.

This means that 40,000 spindles are wholly or partially stopped, that more than $250,000,000 of capital is not bringing in any return, and that 140,000 operatives are without work and losing something over $700,000 in wages a week.

In view of the present glutted condition of the market it is not believed that this cessation of work will entail heavy damages to the employers.

It is not felt here that the strike will last long, for the cardroom workers are expected soon to take a second ballot and agree to the five per cent reduction in wages, which has already been accepted by the spinners.

**LEOPARDS FIGHT DUEL IN BRONX MENAGERIE.**

**New York, Sept. 21.—Nigger, a black female leopard, has been killed by her cage mate, The Devil, after a desperate battle in the lion house of the Bronx menagerie. Hundreds of persons, including women and children, watched the combat. The keepers made vigorous efforts to separate the fighters.**

**The female leopard ambled across the cage and began to scratch her mate. The Devil instantly resented this by lifting one of his paws and knocking her down. Nigger leaped at him and they rolled over the floor of the cage, clawing and snarling.**

**For nearly twenty minutes the battle continued, then The Devil, by a deft flank movement, sunk his fangs into Nigger's throat, and a minute later she fell over dead.**

## MARRY AFTER 31 YEARS

**Lovers' Quarrel of Ancient Origin Finally Settled.**

Port Huron, Mich., Sept. 19.—A lovers' quarrel which has slumbered for 31 years, was made up Thursday night when Mrs. Victoria Archer, 59 years old, and Hazelton Rorabuck, 65, a retired grocer, of this city, were wedded in Chicago.

In 1877, the two were sweethearts in Port Huron, where the groom was a rising young business man, while Mrs. Archer was one of the belles of the city. The "course of true love did not run smooth," and the couple quarreled. Rorabuck left the state, wandering for some years and finally settling in Chicago, where he has been successful. He married while there and his wife has since died.

The girl whom he had loved and lost, was likewise married, but she took the marital vows twice. Both of her partners died and she finally left Port Huron for Chicago, where the two were brought together again by accident, when the courtship of early days was revived. They finally consented to "forgive and forget," and the wedding took place.

## WON'T LET BISHOP RESIGN

**Priests Urge Pope to Refuse Spalding's Resignation.**

Peoria, Ill., Sept. 17.—The Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, bishop of the diocese of Peoria, may continue at the head of the church in this section in spite of the resignation he recently forwarded to the vatican. Eleven irremovable priests of the diocese, who would be called upon to recommend three priests from whom the pope would select a successor, decided to recommend to the pope that the resignation of Bishop Spalding be refused.

## FORAKER CAUSED DEFEAT

**Monnett Says It Was Done to Stop Standard Oil Ouster.**

Columbus, O., Sept. 21.—Frank S. Monnett, attorney general of Ohio, from 1894 to 1900, in a public statement declares he was ousted from power by Senator Joseph Benson Foraker. Although he does not say so in exact words, he indicates his retirement was to stop the prosecution of the Standard Oil company and the American Tobacco company. He says his successor, John M. Sheets, dismissed the suits and immediately afterward Senator Foraker received the huge sums of money paid to him by John D. Archbold.

Mr. Monnett says he owed his position as attorney general to Senator Foraker, and then tells of the senator's change in favor, and alleges he was told in an interview at the home of Senator Foraker in Washington in 1900 that he must withdraw the suits against the Standard Oil company which he was prosecuting, and that if he did not he would suffer the consequences. In an interview Mr. Monnett says:

"In January, 1899, I stopped at the Arlington hotel in Washington the day before I appeared in the United States Supreme court in suits against the National Bank of Chicago. I found a card in my box after being there a short time from Senator Foraker asking me to call at his home on Sixteenth street. I called him up by telephone and made the engagement to call that evening.

**Talk With Foraker Told.**

"When I called at his home, after passing the social exchanges with members of the family, I was taken into his library and he produced certified copies of my petitions in the Standard Oil ouster cases in Ohio. They included papers in the case of the State of Ohio vs. the Standard Oil company, the State of Ohio vs. the Buckeye Pipe Line, the State of Ohio vs. the Northwestern Natural Gas company, and as he laid them down he told me that he was an attorney of the company.

"I at first discussed the impropriety and danger of his representing these trusts, criminal and civil violaters of his own state, as long as he was in public office, and suggested that he, as well as myself, should be interested in the welfare of the people of Ohio.

"After talking a short while he told me that he never allowed his law practice to interfere with politics or his politics with his law practice, and added that he was a judge of the ethics of our profession. He then took up the cause of action against these companies and reminded me of the great power, financially and politically, of the Standard Oil crowd.

"After talking a short time he asked me to have the proceedings delayed in order to accommodate him. I firmly declined to concede any time whatever, and told him so. He recalled the great power of the oil trust to any one opposed to it. After that interview we dealt at arm's length and not as political allies.

**Names Squires as Go-Between.**

"I received at the same time, while in Washington, I think possibly the next day, a telegram from C. B. Squires at Cleveland, in which he said: 'Make no agreement with anyone in Washington about important business matter until I can see you.' I did not understand this telegram, and when I returned to Columbus I was called up by telephone from Cleveland by this same Mr. Squires, and he told me that he was sick in bed and would come down and see me at my office as soon as he could, and that I should not deal with anyone else until he could see me. He stated in that telephone message that he had wired me for fear that I would compromise the Standard Oil cases pending in the supreme court, and he did not want me to do this until after he had seen me.

"It was several days after this telephone message that Squires came to Columbus to see me, and it was then that he made the proposition that was given him, as he claimed, from the officials of the Standard Oil company. He stated at the beginning that what he said and the proposition that he made was with the authority of C. B. Squires, Frank Rockefeller and C. N. Haskell, now governor of Oklahoma. He stated that they had all been to his house and agreed upon the terms to be offered me, and that the proposition was telegraphed or telephoned to New York and received the official O. K. at 26 Broadway.

**$500,000 the Price Offered.**

"The conference held at the home of Squires resulted in his being sent to me with a proposition of $500,000 cash if the suits that were pending in the supreme court of Ohio be dropped. Of that amount Squires said he was to receive $100,000 and I was to have the other $400,000.

"He told me in this conversation that Senator Foraker was to see me at Washington and that he had wired me there for fear that I would deal with him, and he did not want me to. It was after this that I brought the suit against Squires and the other men, and began taking depositions in the case when I was ordered by the courts to stop any further proceedings.

"I was defeated for a renomination by Senator Foraker and his friends and only received 87 votes in the convention out of over 400. I could not bring the cases to trial before my term was ended, and the first thing that occurred after John M. Sheets was elected was the dismissal of all the cases against the Standard and other oil companies which I had been pushing so hard.

**Tobacco Case Also Killed.**

"Another important case dropped was that against the American Tobacco company. In this regard I was told after my term had expired that a well known attorney had received $10,000 for having the case continued until after my term had expired. Senator Foraker was also the attorney in this case, but not of record. He represented several trust companies, but was never, to my knowledge, an attorney of record and never made any pleas in any court in which I was prosecuting any of these trusts.

"It must be noticed that the dates on the checks alleged to have been paid Foraker by John D. Archbold were just after my term had expired and within a few days after the suits were dismissed in the court of Ohio. I do not know that these transactions can be considered together, but it is significant that such large fees should be paid to Senator Foraker immediately after the cases were dismissed in court.

"Just before these suits were dismissed Attorney General Sheets made a trip to Washington and New York, and when he returned he announced that he was a candidate for a place on the United States bench and had the indorsement of Senator Foraker for the place."

## HASKELL GIVES LIE TO HEARST

**Oklahoma Governor Calls Upon Him to Prove Assertions.**

Chicago, Sept. 21—Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, last night gave out the following telegram which he said, he had sent to William Randolph Hearst: "William R. Hearst, care New York American, New York City, N. Y.

"Sir: You are stating in speech and press, in substance, that during the year 1899 when Attorney General Frank S. Monnett, of Ohio, had several cases pending in the supreme court of that state against the Standard Oil company, I sought to influence him to dismiss those suits. I have said, and now repeat, that your statement is absolutely false, and that I never had any relations of any kind or character with the Standard Oil company.

"Our conflicting statements prove nothing. You, as a newspaper man, may, and should desire a reputation for truthfulness; I as a public official demand that those who accuse me stand forth and make known their proof or know that a suit against you for civil damages, or a criminal prosecution for libel, means long delay and affords your character of journalism a chance to cover your expenses before being called upon to settle. I do not want your money, I simply desire to expose you to the public as a false accuser who has distorted public records and manufactured statements for base political purposes.

"For the purpose of forever setting this infamous slander which you are circulating in your newspapers and on the stump, I now propose that a committee of five, or any three of them, composed of the editors of the Springfield, Mass., Republican, the Chicago Journal, the New York World, the Indianapolis News and the St. Louis Republic, be selected to hear you and me under oath and all other evidence they may desire as to the truth or falsity of your charge, at the earliest possible moment, and render their decision to the public in writing.

"Should this committee find your charge sustained, I shall withdraw from all connection with the present presidential campaign. Should the verdict be against you, as I know it will, there need be no other penalty than the public contempt due every assassin of character.

"C. N. HASKELL."

## STANDARD STRIKES BACK

**Says Trust Methods Are Employed by Rival Concern.**

New York, Sept. 17.—Standard Oil attorneys brought out a great deal of testimony of indiscrimate price cutting by competitors at the continuation yesterday of the hearing in the government suit. Witnesses from Maryland and Virginia were placed on the stand, and the attorneys arraigned several independent companies, prominent among them being the Red "C" Oil company.

Edward C. Eitel, special Standard Oil agent, charged the Red "C" not only with cutting the price to get trade from the Standard, but also with coloring its oil with a red dye and representing to the more ignorant people that the colored oil was both a better illuminant and safer to use in the lamps.

## TRIED TO CREMATE SELF

**Woman May Die as Result of Burns.**

Mobile, Ala., Sept. 18.—Mrs. Mar-Margaret Bradford, suffering from mental derangement, yesterday saturated her bed with oil and then set fire to it, lying in bed to await cremation.

The pain became so intense that she sprang up and ran through the streets, screaming, her clothing ablaze. The flames were extinguished by spectators, but the woman may die.

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**FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline**

**On Trial**

Dr. Rainey says: "My scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline Tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble. Vitaline will easily overcome it—it will not fail nor disappoint you."

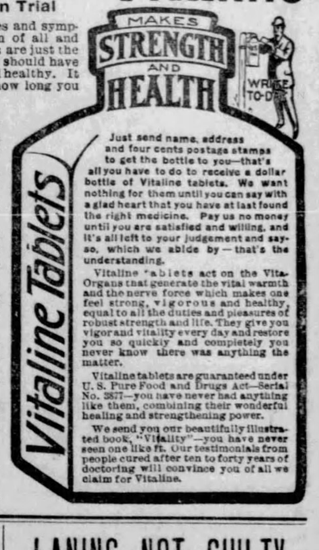
**NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY**—Lost Vitality, Nervous, Weak, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

**STOMACH TROUBLES**—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

**HEART WEAKNESS**—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

**CATARRH**—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter, or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

**BLOOD TROUBLES**—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

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We send you our beautifully illustrated book, "Vitality"—you have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline.

Vitaline Tablets

Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 4, 152 Lake St., Chicago. I enclose four cents postage. Send at once by mail in plain package $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets on trial, and if it proves satisfactory I will send you $1.00, otherwise I will pay you nothing.

Name _____

Address _____


## LANING NOT GUILTY

**Verdict Is Returned After Jury Had Been Out Two Hours.**

**Fremont, O., Sept. 17.—The jury in the Laning case returned a verdict of not guilty at 1:45 this afternoon.**

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Fremont, O., Sept. 17.—The Laning case was given to the jury at 11:45 o'clock this morning and Judge Richards directed that the jurors should not be separated until they had reached a conclusion.

The arguments in the case consumed two hours of the forenoon session and were made by Prosecutor Wickham and Stephen M. Young, of Norwalk, for the state, and by Horace Andrews, of Cleveland, and John Garver, of Fremont, for the defense.

# TAFT'S ELECTION ONLY SAFEGUARD

## President Roosevelt Draws a Lesson From Recent Statements by Hearst.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 22.—Late yesterday Secretary Loeb gave to representatives of the press a formal statement by the President, which was called forth by the recent exchanges between William R. Hearst and Senator Foraker, of Ohio. Mr. Hearst, in public utterances, had accused the senator of relations with the Standard Oil company inconsistent with his duties as a senator and his attitude as a representative of Republican policies and professions. In the statement President Roosevelt makes another appeal for the support of Mr. Taft and declares that his defeat would bring "lasting satisfaction to but one set of men, namely, to those men who, as shown in the correspondence published by Mr. Hearst, were behind Mr. Foraker, the opponent of Mr. Taft, within his own party, and who now are behind Governor Haskell and his associates, the opponents of Mr. Taft in the opposite party."

**Written to Ohioan.**

The statement embodies a letter written by Mr. Taft to a friend in Ohio on July 20, 1907, in which the present Republican candidate for the presidency refused to acquiesce in the plan of the Ohio state central committee to indorse Mr. Taft for the presidency and Mr. Foraker for re-election to the senate in a single resolution.

The President points out that Mr. Taft's attitude has always been directly opposed to that charged against Senator Foraker by Mr. Hearst regarding the moneyed interests. The President cites the Brownsville affair as a case where the agitation was a phase of the effort "by the representatives of certain law-defying corporations to bring discredit upon the administration." It was, he says, in large part, "not a genuine agitation on behalf of colored men at all."

President Roosevelt's statement is as follows:

"In view of Mr. Hearst's disclosures about Senator Foraker, I make public the following letter written by Mr. Taft on July 20, 1907, to a friend in Ohio, prominent in Ohio politics, who wrote him before the meeting of the state central committee, asking whether he would object to the committee passing a resolution endorsing Mr. Taft for president and Mr. Foraker for senator, in the interests of harmony. A copy of this letter was submitted to me at the time, but after the original had been sent; it was not intended for publication, but it was understood that if necessary it should be published.

**Pressure on Taft.**

"I personally know that the strongest pressure by various party leaders was brought on Mr. Taft at that time to consent to the proposed arrangement, and he was informed by leading men from other states that if he would consent to this arrangement all opposition on the part of Mr. Foraker, and on the part of Mr. Foraker's influential friends in the senate and elsewhere would cease, and that Mr. Taft's nomination for the presidency would be assured. But Mr. Taft declined for one moment to consider any possible advantage to himself where what he regarded as a great principle was at stake. His attitude on this question, as well as on countless questions, convinced me that of all the men in this union, he was the man pre-eminently fit, in point of uprightness and character, of fearless and aggressive honesty, and of fitness for championing the rights of the people as a whole, to be president.

**Foraker Opposes Reform.**

"Senator Foraker has been a leader among those members of congress of both parties who have resolutely opposed the great policies of internal reform for which the administration has made itself responsible. His attitude has been that of certain other public men, notably (as shown in this same correspondence published by Mr. Hearst) Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma.

"There is a striking difference in one respect, however, in the present positions of Governor Haskell and Senator Foraker. Governor Haskell stands high in the councils of Mr. Bryan and is the treasurer of his national campaign committee. Senator Foraker represents only the forces which in embittered fashion fought the nomination of Mr. Taft, and which were definitely deprived of power within the Republican party when Mr. Taft was nominated.

"The publication of this correspondence not merely justifies in striking fashion the action of the administration, but also casts a curious side light on the attacks made upon the administration both in the Denver convention which nominated Mr. Bryan and in the course of Mr. Bryan's campaign.

**Taft's Election Necessary.**

"There is but one way to preserve and perpetuate the great reforms, the great advances in righteousness and upright and fair dealing, which have marked the management of the affairs of the national government during the last seven years; and that is by electing Mr. Taft. To defeat him will bring lasting satisfaction to but one set of men, namely, to those men who, as shown in the correspondence published by Mr. Hearst, were behind Mr. Foraker, the opponent of Mr. Taft within his own party, and who now are behind Governor Haskell and his associates, the opponents of Mr. Taft in the opposite party.

"The great and sinistered moneyed interests which have shown such hostility to the administration, and now to Mr. Taft, have grown to oppose the administration on various matters not connected with those which mark the real point of difference. For instance, the entire agitation over Brownsville was, in large part, not a genuine agitation on behalf of the colored men at all, but merely one phase of the effort by the representatives of certain law-defying corporations to bring discredit upon the administration, because it was seeking to cut out the evils connected, not only with the corrupt use of wealth, but especially with the corrupt alliance between certain business men of large fortunes and certain politicians of great influence. The venomous hostility of these interests, and of their special representatives in public life and in the press, to the nomination of Mr. Taft was merely the natural sequence of their hostility to the measures of the administration for the regulation of great corporations doing an interstate business, and to the attitude of the administration in consistently prosecuting all offenders of great wealth, precisely as it has prosecuted all other offenders. Mr. Taft has been nominated for the very reason that he is the antithesis of the forces that were responsible for Mr. Foraker. The letter of Mr. Taft is as follows:

**The Taft Letter.**

"'War Department, Washington.

"'Pointe Au Pic, Canada, July 20, 1907.

"'My dear Mr. ——:

"'In respect to one inquiry of yours, I wish to express myself with as much emphasis as possible, that is whether I would object to a compromise resolution which shall include an indorsement of myself for the presidency and Senator Foraker for the senatorship. In my judgment it would be not only a great mistake—something more. It would be accepted necessarily as a compromise on my behalf, and, therefore, with my acquiescense, or at least with the acquiescense of my friends, for whose action I am more or less responsible. It would totally misrepresent my position.

"'I don't care for the presidency if it has to come by compromise with Senator Foraker or any one else in a matter of principle. He has opposed the vital policies and principles of the administration and in his opposition has seized upon and magnified an important but incidental matter to embarrass the administration, using in this, without scruple, a blind race prejudice to accomplish his main purpose.

"'If I was confronted with a mere factional difference within my party, not involving a subject which must come up for consideration and action by the next Republican national convention, I should not be so emphatic in my conclusion. It is not on my part a question of personal feeling with respect to Senator Foraker. It is really a question of political principle. In respect to this the legislature of Ohio expressed what I believe to be the sentiment of the people of Ohio in a resolution asking the senator to support the rate bill. Senator Foraker declined to follow this resolution.

"'When this issue is whether he shall be returned, it must be determined, if this is to be a representative form of government, not by the question whether he has followed his conscience, but by the question whether he really represents the principles that his constituents desire supported and put into practice. The issue really is whether the Republicans of Ohio, therefore, as the constituents of either a senator or a presidential candidate, support the main policies maintained by the administration, or the opposition to those policies.

"'Representing the policies of the administration, I cannot stultify myself by acquiescence in any proposed compromise which necessarily involves the admission that the Republicans of Ohio regard this fundamental difference of opinion as of no importance—one that can be waived in the interest of party harmony or the settlement of factional differences.

"'There is not the slightest doubt that the next national convention of the Republican party will sustain in full the vital and main principles maintained by President Roosevelt, and will express no sympathy with the opposition represented by Senator Foraker. Because I believe in these principles, and because, in my judgment, the Republicans of the state and nation are overwhelmingly in favor of them, I cannot favor any action by members of the committee who do me the honor to support me and wish to aid me, which will have the appearance of acquiescence in the proposed compromise. Very sincerely yours,

"'WILLIAM H. TAFT.'"

**Praises for Taft.**

"I publish this letter without Mr. Taft's knowledge, because I feel it my duty to the public that his attitude should be known. The man who unhesitatingly resists temptation, who cannot be swerved by any consideration of personal interest from following the course which his lofty conception of duty dictates to him, the man whose whole concern is for the welfare of the people and who has proved in a lifetime of difficult and useful public service his extraordinary capacity as an administrator, is surely the man of all others to be entrusted with the presidency.

"Mr. Taft's candidacy is not based upon large and vague promises, part of which would be impossible of achievement, and part of which would be absolutely mischievous to the people of the whole country if put into effect. His candidacy is based upon his great record of actual achievement, his great record of service to the public, upon his inflexible adherence to the highest standards of righteousness, and upon his proved and absolute fearlessness in relentlessly warring against evil wherever it may be found.

"I appeal to all good citizens, to all high minded, conscientious men who love their country for the sake of their country, to put such a man at its head.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, September 21, 1908."

## FORAKER WITHHOLDS REPLY

### Will Look Up Records Before Answering President.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 22.—No answer to the statement issued by President Roosevelt last night will be made by Senator Foraker, although he may have something to say tonight or later in the week. The senator said today that he had read what the President had said, but that it was a matter which he did not care to discuss off-hand and he preferred to wait till he could look up various letters and other data on the subject discussed in order that what he might say could be final. These records are not in this city and therefore not readily available so that it might cause some slight delay before he would make any statement in regard to the matters discussed by President Roosevelt.


# Free Receipt For Weak Men

## Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.


# HITCHCOCK MAKES REPLY

## Believes One Month of Campaign Sufficient.

### Chairman Says Funds to Defray Long Speaking Tours Are Lacking.

Chicago, Sept. 22.—That the fnuds necessary to defray the expense of a long speaking campaign have not been forthcoming, was frankly admitted yesterday by Chairman Frank H. Hitchcock.

"I have no apologies to make," he said. "We knew long ago that we could not waste our funds, and for that reason we decided that the proper thing to do was to get the states in shape for an effective campaign for the last month preceding election. To that end I have devoted most of my time to the adjustment of factional differences."

Chairman Hitchcock expressed the opinion that an active campaign could be carried on in October, the Republican national ticket would be successful in all of the normally Republican states and in most of the states that have been put in the doubtful column by conservative politicians.

Henry Cochems, of Milwaukee, was at Republican headquarters yesterday and said: "I expect Wisconsin to hold up an old time Republican majority. While the situation is somewhat chaotic, everything will be all right."

Joseph P. Kealing, of Indiana, said: "In Indiana, as a result of local issues, the situation is a little uncertain. The issues will be fought out, and I have no doubt that Indiana will go for Taft and Sherman."

Representative James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, said: "I am unable to account for the Democratic expectations of success in Minnesota. The state is rock-ribbed Republican."

# MAKES SPORT OF HASKELL

## Hearst Declines to Arbitrate Charges Against Democratic Treasurer.

New York, Sept. 22.—William R. Hearst, who has been campaigning for the national ticket of the Independence party in the south and middle west, returned to this city last night and soon afterwards issued a statement concerning the challenge of Governor C. N. Haskell, of Oklahoma.

In his recent speeches Mr. Hearst had charged that Haskell, who is now treasurer of the Democratic national committee, had sought in 1899 to influence Attorney General Frank S. Monnet, of Ohio, to dismiss certain suits then pending against the Standard Oil company. In a telegram to Mr. Hearst, which he made public, Governor Haskell invited Mr. Hearst to publicly prove his charges before a committee of editors.

Mr. Hearst refuses to accept the suggestion of an editorial board of arbitration in the following language:

"To the Associated Press: I am addressing this communication to you, as I cannot have the slightest correspondence or controversy with a man of Mr. Haskell's character.

"Mr. Haskell's proposition reminds me of the well known story of the burglar who was caught in the act by the police. When the police burst in upon him they found him in front of a safe which had been blown open, with his tools in his pocket, a dark lantern in one hand and his other hand on the valuables in the safe. The police dragged the burglar to the court and the judge said to the culprit:

"'Well, what have you to say for yourself?'

"The burglar said: 'Looka here, judge, let's arbitrate this case.'

"The court records of the state of Oklahoma, in the Prairie Oil & Gas company case, accuse Mr. Haskell and not I.

"Mr. Haskell has had many years in which to sue Mr. Monnet, if that gentleman committed a libel in naming C. N. Haskell as one of the men who attempted to bribe him in the Standard Oil case.

Mr. Haskell's proposition to arbitrate the matter now shows that he has a sense of humor, even if he has not a sense of honor.

"WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST."

## BAILEY CLAIMS EXONERATION

### Says Sibley Letter Refutes Charges Made Against Him.

Gainesville, Texas, Sept. 22.—When an Associated Press representative asked Senator Joseph Bailey what comment he desired to make as to what William R. Hearst said regarding him in his Memphis speech Saturday night. Senator Bailey dictated the following:

"Assuming that the Sibley letter which Mr. Hearst read, is genuine, and that I am the Senator B to whom it refers, I am very glad that it has been given to the public, for it completely refutes a charge which my enemies have been making against me in this state for the last two years. They have been asserting that I am an attorney for the Standard Oil company and insinuating that I have been friendly to it in matters of legislation.

"This letter distinctly shows that I am not their attorney and it also distinctly shows that my position could not be changed to suit the interest of the Standard Oil company.

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Sibley never made to me the remotest suggestion of a conference with Mr. Archbold, and I never spoke to Mr. Archbold in my life amout matters pending in congress or any other legislative body. Even my worst enemies can hardly insist that I had talked with Archbold, because the Congressional Record shows that I did not agree with the Standard Oil's view on any question."

# ROOSEVELT IS PLEASED

## Discusses Situation in New York State.

### Satisfied With Conditions, but Urges More Active Work From Now On.

New York, Sept. 22.—Chairman Timothy L. Woodruff, of the Republican state committee, made a final pilgrimage to Oyster Bay yesterday and discussed with President Roosevelt the outlook for the Republican campaign in New York state. Upon his return he said:

"The President expressed himself as well pleased with the outlook for the success of the Republican national ticket, and the state ticket as well. He is also satisfied, he said with conditions in the state, but he urged active work from now on."

# PORTLAND CLOSED TIGHT

## Chief of Police Ordered to Enforce Law.

Portland, Ore., Sept. 22.—Determined that Sunday closing, not only of saloons, but of all lines of business not exempted by statute, shall prevail in Portland, District Attorney Cameron has called upon Chief of Police Gritzmacher to enforce strictly the provisions of the law. As a result, beginning Sunday, Portland will be closed tight.

The statute only exempts theatres, drug stores, doctors, undertakers, hotels, butchers and bakers. Every place of business, including cigar stores, billiard parlors, bowling alleys, confectionery and fruit stores will be obliged to close.

District Attorney Cameron declared it was not his intention to close the ball park next Sunday, as the last game of the season is to be played.

# HEARST ATTACKS FORAKER

## Reads Letters Said to Have Been Written Him by Standard Oil Man.

Columbus, O., Sept. 18.—Thomas L. Hisgen, candidate of the Independence party for president, and Wm. R. Hearst addressed a meeting at Memorial hall last night under the auspices of the local organization of the party. Mr. Hearst read letters which he said had been written by John D. Archbold, of the Standard Oil company, to Senator J. B. Foraker, of Ohio, referring to legislation pending in congress and mentioning two inclosures of checks, one for $15,000 and another for $14,500. Mr. Hearst said:

"We claim that the Republican party has been for a long time the beneficiary of trust corruption and that the Democratic party has only waited an opportunity to share its sister's profitable infamy.

"We claim that the Democrats are today eagerly competing with the Republicans for trust favor.

"We claim that when Theodore Roosevelt whipped the Standard Oil out of the Republican party the Democratic party at once cordially welcomed that convicted criminal with open arms. We claim that the Democratic party killed for Mr. Rockefeller the fatted calf and that there is more rejoicing over this one sinner who has joined the Democratic cause than there is over the hundreds of thousands of honest, faithful citizens who constitute the Democratic masses."

"I am not here with empty assertions, but with legal evidence and documentary proof.

**Reads Letters.**

"I am now going to read copies of letters written by Mr. John D. Archbold, chief agent of the Standard Oil, an intimate personal representative of Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Rogers. These letters have been given me by a gentleman who has intimate associations with this giant of corruption, the Standard Oil, but whose name I may not divulge, lest he be subjected to the persecution of this monopoly.

26 Broadway, New York, March 9, 1900.

My Dear Senator—I have your favor of last night, with enclosure, which latter, with letter from Mr. Elliott commenting on same, I beg to send you herewith. Perhaps it would be better to make a demonstration against the whole bill, but certainly the ninth clause, to which Mr. Elliott refers, should be stricken out, and the same is true of house bill No. 500, also introduced by Mr. Price, in relation to foreign corporations, in which the same objectionable clause occurs.

Am glad to hear that you think that the situation is fairly well in hand. Very truly yours,

JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.

Hon. J. B. Foraker, Washington, D. C.

26 Broadway, New York, March 26, 1900.

Hon. J. B. Foraker, 1500 Sixteenth st., Washington, D. C.

Dear Senator—In accordance with our understanding, I now beg to enclose you a certificate of deposit to your favor for $15,000. Kindly acknowledge receipt and oblige. Yours very truly,

JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.

26 Broadway, New York, Feb. 16, 1900.

My Dear Senator—Here is still another very objectionable bill. It is so outrageous as to be ridiculous, but it needs to be looked after, and I hope there will be no difficulty in killing it.

Am anxious to hear from you as to the situation as a whole. Very truly yours

JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.

Hon. J. B. Foraker, 1500 Sixteenth st., Washington, D. C.

"You will see, gentlemen, that these letters are not read at random, but they have a natural sequence. Here is the next:

26 Broadway, New York, April 17, 1900.

My Dear Senator—I enclose you certificate of deposit to your favor of $14,500. We are greatly a loss in the matter, but I send this and will be glad to have a very frank talk with you when opportunity offers, if you so desire.

I need scarcely again express our great gratification over the favorable outcome of affairs. Very truly yours,

JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.

Hon. J. B. Foraker, 1500 Sixteenth st., Washington, D. C.

"There, my friends, is some documentary evidence of how bills are decided to be unwise and to be unconstitutional, and some intimation of the causes that lead to the defeat of such bills.

**Sibley to Archbold.**

"I will now read you the conclusion of a letter written by Mr. Sibley, who was a representative from Pennsylvania, from the lower house of congress. Mind you, a representative from Pennsylvania—that is his title. But in fact he is a representative, I believe, of the Standard Oil company.

"The letter was written to Mr. Archbold and relates how Mr. Sibley told Mr. Roosevelt that he should be careful how he offended the Standard Oil and that he could not afford to depend merely upon the support of the people.

"This is the conclusion of the letter:

"For the first time in my life, I told the President some plain, if unpalatable, truths as to the situation politically and that no man should win or deserve to win who depended upon the rabble rather than upon the conservative men of affairs.

I don't know as he really liked all I said, but he thanked me with apparent heartiness.

Anything you may desire here in my power, please advise. Sincerely yours,

JOS. C. SIBLEY.

"You, gentlemen, I, Mr. Hisgen, all of us, are this rabble; seekers after office cannot depend on us; they need the conservative citizens, those magnates of the great criminal trusts."

**Refers to Monnett Case.**

Mr. Hearst here referred to a complaint in contempt which had been filed by former Attorney General F. S. Monnett in the Ohio supreme court, alleging an attempt to influence his action in a suit against the Standard Oil company and which complaint was dismissed by Judge Charles A. Shauck. Mr. Hearst followed by reading the following letter which he said had been written by John D. Archbold to Senator Foraker:

26 Broadway, New York, Dec. 18, 1902.

My Dear Senator—You of course know of Judge Burket's candidacy for re-election to the supreme court bench of Ohio. We understand that his re-election to the position would be in the line of usage as followed in such cases in Ohio, and we feel very strongly that his eminent qualifications and great integrity entitle him to this further recognition.

We most earnestly hope that you will agree with this view and will favor and aid his re-election. Mr. Rogers joins me most heartily in this expression to you. With kind regards, I am very sincerely yours. JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.

"Here is another and final letter," concluded Mr. Hearst:

26 Broadway, New York, March 20, 1903.

My Dear Senator—We are surprised beyond measure to learn that Smith W. Bennett, brother-in-law of F. S. Monnett, recently attorney-general of Ohio is in the race for the attorney-generalship of Ohio on the Republican ticket.

Bennett was associated with Monnett in the case against us in Ohio and I would like to tell you something of our experiences and impressions of the man gained in that case. If you know him at all, I am sure you will agree that his candidacy ought not to be seriously considered from any point of view.

I would esteem it a favor to have a line from you on the subject.

JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.

## WAS ATTORNEY FOR STANDARD

### Senator Foraker Makes Brief Statement This Morning.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 18.—That he had been several years ago an attorney for the Standard Oil company, terminating such service before the federal prosecution of that concern, but such employment had nothing to do with matters pending in congress or in which the federal government was interested is the substance of a brief statement made today by United States Senator Foraker in answer to the charges made by William R. Hearst in Columbus last night.

Senator Foraker's statement follows:

"I do not know whether the letters given out by Mr. Hearst are true copies or not, but I assume they are, for I was then engaged in the practice of the law and was employed by the Standard Oil company as one of its counsel in connection with its affairs in Ohio where it was attacked in the courts and in the legislature.

"While I do not now recall the details, I remember that I rendered the company such service as I could, charged for it and was paid.

"The employment had no reference whatever to anything pending in congress or to anything in which the federal government had the slightest interest.

"That I was so employed and presumably compensated for my services was common knowledge at the time; at least I never made any effort to conceal the fact. On the contrary I was pleased to have people know that I had such clients.

"It had not then become discreditable, but was considered just the reverse to be employed by such corporations.

"That employment ended before my first term in the senate expired. I have not represented the company in any way since. In other words, I have not represented the company in any way since long before it was attacked by the federal government, nor since before, with full general knowledge, I was re-elected to the senate."

# HIGH TAX ON "NEAR BEER"

## Assembly Makes Georgia Product Expensive.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 21.—The Georgia prohibition law, so far as taxing "near beer" is concerned, is under fire. The extra session of the legislature, which adjourned Saturday, authorized a tax on manufacturers of this product. Two hundred dollars was the amount imposed on dispensers of "near beer."

Judge Ellis, of the superior court, enjoined the comptroller of the state, the sheriff of Fulton county, which includes Atlanta, and his deputies, from collecting this tax. The injunction was granted on the petition of 115 dealers in the "prohibition product."

The "near beer" dealers assert that the legislation is unconstitutional inasmuch as it does not relate to convict legislation, for which the special session of the assembly was called. The case will be carried to the highest court.

## NEBRASKA SURE FOR TAFT

### Congressman Pollard Sees No Chance for Bryan.

Kendallville, Ind., Sept. 18.—"Bryan will be snowed under by 15,000 to 20,000 votes at the fall election in the First Congressional district of Nebraska," said Congressman E. M. Pollard, of Lincoln, Neb.

Mr. Pollard has been stumping Nebraska and has some knowledge as to the opinion of the Nebraskan's strength among his own people. Nebraska is normally 25,000 Republican, and on my tour of the state I found no indication of any turning to the Commoner's standards. I think there is far less doubt of Bryan's carrying Nebraska than there is of his getting Indiana, and, from the latest I can gather, Indiana is pretty safe, too."

Mr. Pollard, accompanied by Congressman C. C. Gilhams, left last evening for Ligonier, where the former opened his campaign.

## ROB MARK TWAIN'S HOME

### Deputy Shot in Fight With Thieves.

Redding, Conn., Sept. 18.—Two burglars who broke into the residence of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) in Redding late last night were captured early today on a New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad train between Bethel and Redding, after a fight in which Deputy Sheriff Banks, of Redding was shot in the leg.

The prisoners are believed to be crooks who came from New York for the express purpose of entering the Clemens villa.

## SAVED BY INSANITY PLEA

### Jury Acquits in Case Involving Unwritten Law.

Trinidad, Col., Sept. 18.—Charles W. Moore, who killed David A. Cohen, son of Rabbi Cohen, of Detroit, August 11, in this city, by blowing his head off with a shotgun, was acquitted yesterday on the charge of murder. His defense was insanity. The jury deliberated twenty hours. Cohen was killed when about to leave the city in company with the wife of the man who shot him.

## KERN GOES ON THE STUMP

### Chicago Address Begins a Month's Speaking Tour.

Chicago, Sept. 18.—John W. Kern, Democratic candidate for vice president, began a month's speaking tour by addressing members of the Jefferson club last night. Today he will speak at Evanston, Ill., and from that time on will be almost continually on the move until October 10. Adlai E. Stevenson, Democratic candidate for governor of Illinois, delivered the "keynote" speech. Both men and women participated in the banquet.

## BOY OF 14 IS A SUICIDE

### Whistles a Tune Then Hangs Himself in Cellar.

New York, Sept. 18.—Silver Weill, a 14-year-old schoolboy, committed suicide by hanging himself in the cellar of his home in Mount Vernon.

Young Weill was sent to the cellar to arrange the coal bin for a consignment of coal yesterday. He was in good spirits and the last heard of him he was whistling a tune. When he failed to come up stairs his father went to the cellar and found him hanging from a crossbeam. He had used a clothes line to hang himself. The reason is not known.


# 10 Days' Free Trial

## Columbia Graphophones

### Send No Money—Freight Prepaid

Any style of this greatest talking machine in the world will be sent to you on trial, freight prepaid. Also 12 records. Hear it play its music—sing its songs. Then if you are satisfied, pay us a trifle each month. This concern, with its combined capital of $7,000,000, is the largest of its kind in the world. We have 450,000 customers. See what we can do on a Graphophone. Write a postal today for Catalog No. 30.

Spiegel, May, Stern Co., 1424 35th Street, Chicago


## CUBAN PLAGUE SPREADING

### Nineteen More Deaths in Twenty-four Hours.

Manilla, Sept. 21.—Fifty new cases of cholera and nineteen deaths are reported for the twenty-four hours ended at 8 o'clock this morning.

The infected areas in the city and suburbs are spreading somewhat, but the health officers are confident that they will be able speedily to gain control of the situation.

Governor General Smith has summoned a special meeting of the members of the Philippine commission to discuss the plague situation.

Federal troops are guarding the sources of the city's water supply.

# BACK AT FORAKER

## Says Work for Standard Was Not Confined to Ohio Litigation.

St. Louis, Sept. 19.—William Randolph Hearst, in a speech opening the Independence party campaign in Missouri at the Odeon theatre last night, answered the reply of Senator Joseph B. Foraker to the letters read by Mr. Hearst in Columbus, O., Thursday night and read two more letters purporting to have been written by John D. Archbold, of the Standard Oil company, to Mr. Foraker.

The new letters, Mr. Hearst said, refuted the contention of the Ohio senator that all his work for the Standard Oil company related solely to Ohio matters. Mr. Hearst said in part:

"Mr. Foraker replies in characteristic Republican manner. He admits that he did serve Standard Oil and is proud of it. His statement is based on letters I read last night. If he had seen the letters I am going to read tonight he would have denied the whole matter. The first letter follows:

"26 Broadway, New York, Jan. 27, 1902.

"My Dear Senator—Responding to your favor of the 25th, it gives me pleasure to hand you herewith certificate of deposit $50,000 in accordance with your understanding. Your letter states the conditions correctly and I trust the transaction will be successfully consummated.

"Very truly yours,

"J. D. ARCHBOLD.

"Hon. J. B. Foraker,
"Washington, D. C."

The second letter as read by Mr. Hearst was as follows:

"26 Broadway, New York, Feb. 25, 1902.

"My Dear Senator—I venture to write you a word re the bill introduced by Senator Jones, of Arkansas, known as S 649, intended to amend the act 'to protect trade and commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies, etc.,' introduced by him December 4.

"It really seems as though this bill is very unnecessarily severe and envious. Is it not much better to test the application of the Sherman act before resorting to a measure of this kind. I hope you will feel so about it, and I will be really pleased to have a word from you on the subject. The bill is, I believe, still in committee. With kind regards,

"Yours very truly,

"JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.

"Hon. J. B. Foraker,
"Washington, D. C."

"The bill referred to in this letter is the one introduced by Senator Jones, of Arkansas, in the United States senate. Consequently Mr. Foraker's statement does not convince when he said the correspondence had nothing to do with any legislation in congress.

**Raps Haskell.**

Mr. Hearst devoted a portion of his speech to Governor C. N. Haskell, of Oklahoma, treasurer of the Democratic national committee, whom he charged with having served the Standard Oil company. He said:

"Apparently Mr. Haskell got out of his work for the Standard Oil company, the chairmanship of the platform committee of the Democratic national committee and the treasurership of the Democratic national committee," said Mr. Hearst. "In the front rank of Democracy stands C. N. Haskell, along with those other patriots and martyrs—Roger Sullivan, Thomas Taggart, Murphy and Pat McCarren."

Mr. Hearst then gave his reasons for leaving the Democratic party.

**Bryan a "Shell Man."**

"Mr. Bryan," he said, "is a shell man at a county fair, executing a shell game. Where is the little ball of free silver, of public ownership, of the referendum gone?

"Mr. Bryan is an astounding juggler. He balances on one hand Belmont, the union labor breaker, and on the other, Gompers, the union labor leader.

"Mr. Bryan is the political loose skin man. You cannot tell whether he is coming or going.

"Mr. Bryan charges that I am angry at him because he did not support me for the presidency. That is not true. The independence party was formed to restore genuine democratic government, genuine American government. I am in this party because I find in it a better and truer democracy than in the old parties, because I find in it more patriotic and intelligent leadership than in the old parties."

## HASKELL AGAINST HASKELL.

### Former Marshal Says the Governor Is Mistaken.

Chicago, Sept. 19.—In the face of the assertion of Mr. Hearst at St. Louis that an affidavit signed by F. S. Monnett, former attorney general of Ohio, identified by Gov. C. H. Haskell, of Oklahoma, as having been a party to Standard Oil alleged negotiations, Gov. Haskell today declared the statements were absolutely false.

"The assertion that I had anything to do with the Standard Oil company is absolutely false," said Gov. Haskell. "On the day the affidavits are said to have been signed, September 12, 1903, Mr. Monnett was in Oklahoma City, and on that day made a speech in which he exonerated me from all connection with the Standard Oil matter. It is unbelievable that any man would make such a speech and on the same day sign an affidavit stating the contrary thing. There is no truth in the charges.

"It is true that a Mr. Haskell was mentioned in the records," said Gov. Haskell, "but instead of being I, it was W. C. Haskell, a former United States marshal at Cleveland, O., and now an employe of the District of Columbia."

**Denial by W. C. Haskell.**

Washington, Sept. 19.—When the attention of W. C. Haskell, formerly United States marshal at Cleveland, O., and now sealer of weights and measures for the District of Columbia, was called to the statement of Gov. Haskell, of Oklahoma, that it was he to whom Mr. Hearst referred in a Columbus speech as having relations with the Standard Oil company, Mr. Haskell declared:

"Gov. Haskell is evidently mistaken," said he. "I never had any connection with the Standard Oil company or any of its officers, either in a business or social way, and I have never had the pleasure of the acquaintance of any of the officials or members of the Standard Oil company. I do not recall ever having a case involving the Standard Oil company while I held the position of marshal of the United States court for the northern district of Ohio from 1892 to 1896. So the Haskell referred to is some one else. I have no idea what Haskell Mr. Hearst referred to."

W. C. Haskell was appointed United States marshal for the northern district of Ohio by President Harrison.

# THAW SEEKS JURY TRIAL

## Question Involved in Proceedings on Return of Writ.

White Plains, N. Y., Sept. 21.—Is Harry Thaw entitled, under the law of the state of New York, to have a jury trial as to his sanity?

This question alone is involved in the proceedings to be heard by Supreme Justice Isaac N. Mills on the return of a writ of habeas corpus obtained by Thaw June 27, after Justice Morschauser, without a jury, had decided that Thaw was a dangerous lunatic and should be continued in confinement in the Matteawan asylum for insane criminals.

District Attorney Jerome is expected to appear and oppose the granting of a jury trial.

## STAYS IN AIR HALF HOUR

### Delagrange Hopes to Smash Wright Brothers' Record.

Paris, Sept. 17.—Flying at Issy today, Leon De Lagrange stayed aloft in his aeroplane for 30 minutes and 20 seconds. After alighting he expressed the hope that he would shortly be able to surpass the records made on both sides of the Atlantic by the Wright brothers.

**Wright Trying Machine.**

Le Mans, Sept. 17.—Wilbur Wright, the American aeroplanelst, spent today in trying out his machine for the protracted effort he is to make tomorrow. In one of his flights he covered 4,600 yards in six minutes 48 seconds.

# THE MARKETS

## GRAIN MARKET

Toledo, O., Sept. 22.—Traders in wheat are watching the weather map and despite continued heavy northwest receipts wheat opened unchanged to ¼c higher today. Drought conditions are unrelieved, and now from the southwest come reports that the dryness is becoming serious. Foreigners show no apprehenion over cholera in Russia, which sentiment was followed here today.

The drought in the southwest was the most bullish feature of the morning, and wheat advanced ¼c to ⅜c over the opening. Up to the present northwest offerings have been readily absorbed, but late yesterday speculators started to hedge. The enormous export is helping conditions considerably.

Liverpool opened quiet, September, December and March options selling ½d lower. At 1:30 wheat was ¼d lower than yesterday.

Reports of rain at Oklahoma City, Springfield, Ill., and St. Louis, together with heavy selling by northwest houses, were responsible for a break at 12 o'clock, the market declining to around the opening figures. Liverpool closed unchanged to ⅛c lower. There was less export business today than yesterday.

Cash and September closed 1c lower at $1.00, December ⅝c off at $1.01⅞, May ½c lower at $1.05.

Corn opened easy and declined. Sentiment on corn seems bearish on hot weather reports, the temperatures being unusually high for this time of the year. The crop is maturing rapidly and there is a lessening prospect of frost damage every day. Toledo opening prices were at yesterday's close to ¼c lower and at noon had further declined ¼ @ ⅜c.

Liverpool opened quiet and ¼d lower and at 1:30 the market had declined to ½d lower.

Heavy selling caused a weakness in corn, but shorts tried to cover, causing a rally. Cash and September closed ½c up at 79c, December unchanged at 64¾c, and May was unchanged at 64½c.

Oats opened a shade lower, but the market is very quiet. There was some selling by big commission houses today. The opening was unchanged to ¼d lower, the prices remaining unchanged at noon.

Cash oats closed ½c off at 49¾c, September closed unchanged at 49¾c, December closed ¼c lower at 49¾c, while May closed unchanged at 51¾c.

Heavy receipts were responsible for a decline of 2½c in clover seed. The market remained steady at the opening prices.

Provisions opened lower on the heavy hog movement, and no upturn is momentarily expected.

Cash seed closed 2c up at $5.52, October 2½c up at $5.57½, December 2½c higher at $5.67½, and March 2½c higher at $5.80.

TOLEDO.

| Wheat— | Open. | High. | Low. | Sept. 22. | Sept. 21. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cash | 1.01 | 1.01½ | .... | 1.00 | 1.01 |
| Sept. | 1.01 | 1.01¼ | .... | 1.00 | 1.01 |
| Dec. | 1.02⅝ | 1.03 | .... | 1.01⅝ | 1.02½ |
| May | 1.05¾ | 1.06⅛ | .... | 1.05 | 1.05½ |
| Corn— | | | | | |
| Cash | .... | .... | .... | 79 | 78½ |
| Sept. | 78¼ | .... | .... | 79 | 78½ |
| Dec. | 64½ | 64⅝ | .... | 64⅜ | 64⅜ |
| May | 64½ | 65 | 64¼ | 64¼ | 64½ |
| Oats— | | | | | |
| Cash | .... | .... | .... | 49¾ | 50¼ |
| Sept. | 49¾ | .... | .... | 49¾ | 49¾ |
| Dec. | 49¾ | .... | .... | 49¾ | 50 |
| May | 51¾ | .... | .... | 51¾ | 51¾ |
| Clover Seed— | | | | | |
| Cash | .... | .... | .... | 5.52 | 5.50 |
| Oct | 5.52½ | .... | .... | 5.57½ | 5.55 |
| Dec. | 5.62½ | .... | .... | 5.67½ | 5.65 |
| March | 5.15 | .... | .... | 5.80 | 5.77½ |
| No. 2 | .... | .... | .... | 5.30 | 5.35 |
| No. 3 | .... | .... | .... | 5.20 | 5.15 |
| Rejected | .... | .... | .... | 5.00 | 4.95 |
| N. E. G. | .... | .... | .... | 4.90 | 4.90 |
| Rye— | | | | | |
| No. 2 | .... | .... | .... | 77 | 77 |
| No. 3 | .... | .... | .... | 77 | 77 |
| No. 3 | .... | .... | .... | 74 | 74 |
| Timothy— | | | | | |
| Prime | .... | .... | .... | 1.60 | 1.60 |
| Alsike— | | | | | |
| Prime | .... | .... | .... | 9.00 | 8.95 |

CHICAGO.

| Wheat— | | | |